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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The vast sum of five hundred dollars will be spent by the City of Newport this year in observing the anniversary of the birth of the United States. This immense amount will be expended for band concerts and athletic events, leaving nothing for fireworks and other features. It is planned to hold two athletic competitions, one on Freebody Park, and the other on Morton Park, the former for adults and the latter for children. During the afternoon and evening there will be band concerts on various parks.

However, the small boy and small girl will probably be able to make a noise, as a number of licenses for the sale of fireworks have been taken out by Newport dealers. The usual restriction as to length of firecrackers will prevail, but there will be no limit as to quantity. There will be no parade during the day, but the customary national salute will be fired at noon.

Dr. Hamilton Holt of New York, former editor of the Independent, spent Wednesday in Newport and addressed three different meetings. Although his topics were all different he dwelt at some length upon President Harding's recommendation for a Court of Nations. Dr. Holt is well known as a peace advocate and is an eloquent speaker. The first speech was before a combined meeting of the Lions' Club and the Ministers' Union, the second before the Newport County Women's Republican Club, and the third was a public meeting at the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Marguerite Elliott, bacteriologist for the Board of Health of the City of Newport, and Mr. William D. Eddy of the Naval Torpedo Station were united in marriage at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Wednesday. The bride was a member of the Class of 1914 at Vassar and has been in the employ of the city for the past three years.

Sparks Circus, which has visited Newport every year for a number of years, will come here again on Thursday, June 28. The circus lot will this year be on Wellington Park, in the lower section of the city. This circus has won very favorable comment wherever it has been seen in Newport and this year a number of new features are promised.

The annual inspection of Eureka Chapter No. 19, Order of the Eastern Star, will take place at Fair Hall, Portsmouth, next Monday evening. The official party will include Miss M. Isabella Fiddes, Worthy Grand Matron, Mr. John J. Greene, Worthy Grand Patron, and Miss Harriette G. Bullock, Grand Marshal.

Dr. George A. Eckert, who has been attached to the Naval Hospital here for several years has been ordered to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, and will start for his new station about the middle of July, being accompanied by Mrs. Eckert.

The Osgood estate, at Bellevue and Narragansett avenues, which was bought at tax collector's sale some months ago, by J. K. Sullivan and others, has been redeemed by the owner Mrs. William H. Osgood.

The annual ball of the Newport Police Department was held at the Newport Beach on Monday evening, with a large attendance.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

At the monthly meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening the calendar for the next school year was adopted for dates similar to the present year, although Mr. Clarke made a strenuous effort to have a longer mid-year vacation and an earlier beginning in the fall. He also brought up the matter of athletic training at the Rogers, and said that the present arrangements of schedules gives entirely inadequate time for development of the bodies. He called attention to the fact that no showers or lights are available in the Rogers after a basketball contest, and the committee on buildings will endeavor to adjust the matter.

The resignations of Misses Frances W. Aylesworth, Sadie Bloch and Elsie K. Donovan from the teaching force were accepted with regret. A number of teachers were elected on tenure in accordance with the law, and others were elected for the year 1923-24.

The committee on Parish School reported that the costs there were out of all proportion to the rest of the schools, and that the pupils were handicapped by being in an ungraded school with no provision for instruction in music and drawing. It was finally voted to close the school, and the committee was to continue to consider means of transportation of the few pupils to other schools.

No satisfactory progress was reported in the conference with the Board of Health relative to a change of methods in medical inspection after pupils' absence because of illness. The matter was continued for further consideration.

THOMPSON-BLISS.

The wedding of Miss Hope Bliss, daughter of General Herbert Bliss, and Mr. Joseph Thompson took place in Trinity Church Tuesday morning, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. Rev. Stanley Carnaghan Hughes performed the ceremony. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father who gave her in marriage. The bride wore a wedding gown of liberty satin with point lace, and a tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

The bride was attended by Mrs. John W. Thompson as matron of honor, and by Misses Catherine Lee, Nathalie Muenchinger, Lillian Thompson and Katherine Thompson as bridesmaids. Mr. Ludlow Mahan was the best man and the ushers were Messrs. Lewis G. Leonard, George Wilcox, John W. Thompson, and Thomas F. Keeher, Jr.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Young Men's Christian Association on Mary street, where a buffet collation was served. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left on their wedding trip by automobile.

Mr. Harold Landers Peckham, son of Colonel and Mrs. Harold A. Peckham of this city, was united in marriage on Tuesday to Miss Lucille Bayman of Erie, Pa. The ceremony being performed in St. Paul's Cathedral in Erie, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends including a number from Newport. Mr. Peckham is a chemist in the employ of the Hammermill Paper Company at Erie. During the war he saw active service in France with the Marines. He is a graduate of the Rogers High School and of the Lowell Textile School.

The recently renovated headquarters of the Salvation Army were dedicated last Saturday, special exercises being held on Saturday and Sunday. Many of the officers of the organization in New England took part in the services, and the famous New England Staff Band came to Newport to participate. On Sunday several of the New England officers occupied the pulpit of Newport churches.

Hospital Apprentice William V. O'Leary, attached to the Naval Hospital was drowned on Sunday while canoeing with a companion in the harbor near the Hospital. The canoe was overturned and both men started to swim to shore, but O'Leary was unable to reach there. The body was recovered the next day and was sent to his mother in Meriden, Conn.

The atmosphere has been very smoky during the last few days, the great forest fire in Maine clouding the air even at this distance. On Monday there was a decided yellow tinge all day.

GROTTO AT CLEVELAND.

Kolsh Grotto Patrol has had a wonderful time at Cleveland this week, taking part in all the festivities incident to the annual session of the Supreme Council of the Order. The city was turned over to the visitors without restraint. Kolsh took part in the big parade, and received nearly applause all along the line of march.

The nation-wide competitive drill was held on Tuesday, with so many Grottos competing that the contest was not finished until late in the evening. The judges awarded Kolsh ninth place in the ranking, but many of the Cleveland newspapers took exception to the decision, holding that Kolsh was entitled to fourth place. The local organization was doubly handicapped first by an insufficient number of men and second by the use of scimitars, which had been secured only a day or two before they left Newport.

Monarch Roland L. Barratt, Chief Justice C. Edward Farnum and Master of Ceremonies James P. Cozzens attended the Supreme Council session.

CIVIC LEAGUE.

The annual meeting of the Civic League was held in the rooms of the Newport Historical Society on Thursday afternoon, with Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham presiding. The annual financial report showed a grave situation in regard to finances, the work of the past year having been continued only through the receipt of a special contribution. This condition was the occasion of spirited addresses by Mayor Sullivan, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, Secretary Campbell of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. William S. Sims all of whom gave strong reasons for the continuing of the work of the organization, especially the support of the prevention officer. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham.
Vice-Presidents—Miss Ruth B. Franklin, Mrs. Walter Coles Cabell.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Katherine L. Hill.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Dwight F. Mowry.
Treasurer—Miss Lucy Brownell.
Directors—Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, Mrs. William Ennis, Mrs. John A. Murphy, Jr., Mrs. H. H. Ward, Mrs. Robert R. White.

Thursday was Flag Day and was appropriately observed in Newport by a general display of the national colors from public and private buildings. In the evening, Newport Lodge of Elks held their customary Flag Day observance at the Beach, being attended by a large gathering. Exalted Ruler Franklin C. Parsonage presided, and the principal address was delivered by Colonel M. J. Lenihan, U. S. A.

A splendid form of activity for the local Boy Scouts would be to furnish "traffic officers" for some of the dangerous corners during the busy hours. The Police Department has not sufficient officers to guard all the bad corners and the Scouts could be of material aid in preventing accidents at these dangerous spots.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Manning, at 115 Bay street, was entered by some person unknown a few nights ago and considerable material was stolen. Only a few weeks ago the home of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Dealey, in the same neighborhood was visited by similar thieves.

A flying boat of the New York and Newport Air Line made its first trip to Newport on Tuesday with a passenger Mr. Carrell Winslow, who found it desirable to reach here in a hurry. The trip was made in one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Timothy Abbott an employee of the highway department, was struck by an automobile on Thames street on Wednesday and was painfully, though not seriously injured.

The Grotto ball team has withdrawn from the Sunset League because of the inability to secure players, and the League is now composed of six teams only.

The foundation for the monument to the men who fought the Spanish-American War is going in rapidly at Equality Park.

Mr. William M. Leys is under treatment at the Channing Hospital, Wellesley, Mass.

SUPERIOR COURT.

The daily sessions of the Superior Court have been generally short this week, and not a great deal of business has been disposed of. On Monday several defendants were before the Court on criminal charges, and a few fines were imposed. On Tuesday after a few more criminal matters had been disposed of, there was a hearing in the case of Sterling Tire Corporation of New Jersey vs. Julian H. Durfee. This was an examination in supplementary proceedings under a new law, the inquiry growing out of an unpaid execution. After counsel had examined Mr. Durfee regarding his income, the Court ruled that this was an ordinary business matter, in which there was no allegation of fraud, and that plaintiff had remedy in bankruptcy proceedings. The Court took the case under advisement.

George L. Jenkins et al. vs. John L. Moore was heard by a jury on Wednesday. This was an action to recover a motor truck a mortgage note being involved. A motion for a non-suit was denied, and a motion to direct a verdict for the plaintiff was granted, the amount being \$460 plus interest on only a portion of the sum.

At the session of the Court on Thursday, a few more defendants were present to take sentence on appeals from the District Court. The fines were made the same as in the lower Court, with the additional costs incident to the appeals.

A civil case was then tried before a jury—City Garage vs. Morris Sireich, an action on book account to recover \$59.54. Plaintiff claimed this amount due for repairs to an automobile. The defendant is a tailor, and he put in a bill in set-off for a suit of clothes furnished to William Vars, which he claimed had been guaranteed by plaintiff. The plaintiff denied any responsibility for debt of Vars, and the jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for the full amount of the claim.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Wednesday evening, further reports on Broadway were received. The Telephone Company said that they would be ready to begin work on June 18. The Newport and Providence Railway said they would be ready as soon as the engineer has completed definite plans, and it was stated that the Newport Electric Corporation had their plans well in hand.

The Electric Corporation also stated that their overhead work is perfectly safe; this in response to an inquiry from the Chief of the Fire Department.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, including the granting of many licenses. At the conclusion of the business session the board had a meeting as a committee on Fourth of July.

Two important changes have taken place in the management of local theatre properties within the past few days. Mr. Albert R. Commette has purchased the lease of the Colonial Theatre and is now the sole proprietor of that enterprise. A local organization, headed by Mr. David J. Dugan, has purchased the lease of the Strand Theatre and Mr. Dugan will be the general manager. Both men have had large experience in Newport theatrical circles. Mr. Commette was for a long years the proprietor of the Opera House and Mr. Dugan has been connected with the Strand ever since his return from overseas, where he served with the Second Division.

Mr. Thomas M. Brie died at the Newport Hospital last Saturday as the result of injuries received in a fall at his home a few days before. He was born in Ireland but had lived in Newport for more than 20 years being engaged in business as a grocer. He is survived by a widow, three sons and one daughter.

Chaplain Mylon D. Merchant of Fort Adams, who has been ordered to Camp Devens for the summer will be detached from this district upon return and will be ordered to the Far East. He will be greatly missed in Newport, where he has participated in many activities and has made many friends.

The effort to raise funds for the Newport County Council of Boy Scouts is still continuing. The money has come in rather slowly and much more is required to enable the local organization to continue the work.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

TOWN COUNCIL

The town council and probate court held its regular business meeting on Monday afternoon.

In the town council the petition of Leon F. Green for permission to sell fire works over July 4, and of Jane Wallace, Emma Eastwood, Frank J. Thomas, Leon F. Green and Louise Shattuck for victualler's licenses were granted.

The town treasurer was authorized to renew a note in the sum of \$8,000, and to issue a new note in the sum of \$8,000.

The petition of William F. Grinnell for a license to peddle groceries, fruit and vegetables, was granted.

Henry C. Anthony, Jr., was appointed traffic officer.

A petition from John M. Brownell was received and referred to William T. H. Soule.

A statement of damage done by dogs to geese belonging to William K. Boyd, amounting to \$9.40 was received and ordered paid according to law.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In the probate court, an inventory of the estate of Joseph M. Silva was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Annie L. Hall, guardian, for permission to sell her ward's interest in certain real estate was allowed. Bond \$800, with Norman Hall and Benjamin Hall as sureties.

The petition of the heirs of Henry C. Anthony that William B. Anthony be appointed custodian of the estate was allowed. Bond \$20,000 without surety.

The petition of John H. Hall of New Jersey that the foreign will of Florence Hall be filed and recorded in the registry of this court was referred to July 2.

The petition of the executors of the estate of John T. Gardner, for permission to pay to the town council the sum of \$500, for perpetual care of the burial lot of deceased, was allowed.

The funeral of Hon. Henry C. Anthony, was held on Sunday at St. Paul's Church and was very largely attended. Eureka Lodge of this town and Washington Commandery, Knight Templars of Newport, headed by the Masonic Band escorted the body from his late home to the church. Prayers were offered at the house by Rev. Joseph B. Ackley. Rev. C. J. Harriman, rector of St. Paul's Church, assisted by a former rector Rev. Anson B. Howard of Bristol officiated at the church. The interment was in St. Paul's churchyard.

The officers of Washington Commandery conducted the Masonic burial services. The bearers were Sir Knights James Livesey and Herman F. Rounds of Tiverton, Alton Head of Jamestown and Seth DeRois, Walter Chase, Arthur A. Sherman, William Bone, and Frank Wheeler of this town. Two automobiles were used to convey the floral tributes.

A Children's Day concert was given at the Christian Church on Sunday morning. The program comprised singing by the school and songs and recitations by the pupils, as well as Scripture readings and a short address by the Superintendent of the Sunday School, Mrs. Lillian G. Burden.

Mr. Dudley E. Campbell and other teachers of the John Clarke School visited the headquarters of General Prescott, on West Main Road, on Thursday afternoon. Miss Isabelle Chase and her sister, Mrs. Annie Johnston who occupy the house, showed them the rooms occupied by General Prescott during the British occupation of the island in the Revolutionary War. They also exhibited many pieces of Colonial furniture, old glass, china and pewter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Holman have had as guest, Mr. Walter Buchanan of Connecticut.

The entertainment which was given a number of weeks ago by the pupils of Miss Edna M. Brady at the Methodist Episcopal parish house, was repeated on Wednesday evening. Special music was enjoyed.

The work of remodeling the residence on Power Street of Mr. Lloyd, vice-president of the Seeger Cox Company of Fall River, has been completed. Messrs. Charles A. Holman and Raymond Usher have been working on this place.

Mr. Benjamin Phillips has been spending a few days in Washington, R. I.

Misses Adla and Elizabeth Trout have been attending a camp meeting in Cincinnati. They visited several other cities during their absence from this town.

Rev. C. J. Harriman and Rev. F. W. Harriman, D. D., attended the centennial celebration at Trinity College Hartford, Conn. Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Harriman also visited their daughter, Mrs. Paul L. Dole in Windsor, Conn.

The regular meeting of Portsmouth branch was held last week at Fair Hall. The first and second degrees were conferred on a class of candidates. An enjoyable entertainment in charge of Mrs. George R. Chase, 2nd, was given and refreshments were served.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

OLIPHANT READING CLUB.

At the recent meeting of the Oliphant Reading Club which was held at the home of Mrs. John P. Peckham in Newport, the following officers were elected to serve two years:

President—Mrs. Charles Thomas. Secretary—Miss Marion Chase. Treasurer—Miss Elizabeth Chase. The program committee is as follows:—Miss Charlotte Chase, Mrs. Kate Bailey, Mrs. William L. Brown, Mrs. John Coggeshall and Mrs. John P. Peckham.

A half-hour of current events, guessing games and music followed, after which the hostess served ice cream and cake. This is the last meeting for the season.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Holy Cross parish met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William R. Howard. Mrs. Robert White of Newport spoke on the mission work of the Presbyterian church. Refreshments were served.

The Oliphant Reading Club held its annual picnic with Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham on Friday.

The Middletown Town Hall has received a new coat of paint. A portion of the walls had caved in, and in repairing this a place was provided for a furnace to be installed.

At a recent meeting of the P. M. Club, which was held at the home of Mrs. Howard Sanford, plans for the annual summer outing were discussed.

Mr. Willard Chase who has been ill is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham have had as guest Mrs. Narrina Putnam of Worcester, Mass.

The Rhode Island Society of Colonial Dames made their annual pilgrimage to "Whitehall" the home of Bishop Berkeley, on Turner Road, on Thursday. This is in observance of Flag day. The members had a picnic lunch and enjoyed the day about the grounds.

At the June meeting of the Middletown Red Cross public health committee, a prize of \$15 was offered by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, for good health posters. This money is to be divided into two classes. The first two prizes for the best health posters by children of the seventh eighth and ninth grade. Second, two prizes for the best health booklet made by children from the first to fifth grades. This contest opens July 1 and closes October 1, and will be in charge of Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham.

The last meeting for the season of the Oliphant Parent Teachers' Association on Thursday afternoon. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Martha Bliss. First Vice President—Mrs. Margaret Wagner. Secretary—Mrs. Pascal Conley. Treasurer—Mrs. Thomas Murphy. The Oliphant and Berkeley Parent Teachers' Association will furnish refreshments at the graduation exercises on June 20.

At a recent meeting of the Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts, in charge of Captain Anthony, it was voted to give \$25 toward the Holy Cross building fund. Three new Scouts were admitted.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Champlin, widow of Nathaniel Champlin who had been confined to her room the past three years, and to her bed the last six months died early last Saturday morning at her home on Forest avenue. She was born October 11, 1845 in Tiverton. She is survived by five children—Miss Arveta T. Champlin, Mrs. John H. Anthony, Mr. Nathaniel L. Champlin, Mrs. J. Willis Peckham, all of this town and Mr. Charles W. Champlin of Riverside. Two sisters, Julia and Marychildren and 11 great grandchildren also survive.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of her son, Mr. Nathaniel Champlin, on Forest Avenue. The services were conducted by Rev. James P. Conover of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches.

Mrs. James E. Knott who left, on Wednesday evening with her husband, for their new home in Ithaca, N. Y., was given a farewell party on Tuesday afternoon by 18 members of the millinery class. This took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham on Honeyman Hill. Misses Elizabeth Hart and Hope Peckham served refreshments. Mrs. Knott has been the home demonstration agent of the Newport County Farm Bureau for the past two years and has won many friends.

A special service of the Sunday School of the Berkeley Memorial Church was held in charge of Superintendent Paul E. Christie, in the Berkeley parish house. As this was the last session before the summer vacation, awards were made by Rev. James H. S. Fair to Ethel Peabody, for perfect attendance and to Marguerite Peckham and Mary Peabody who were second in attendance.

A special prize was given Susan Demorey for the neatest and most complete note book. Ten members of the school received certificates and gold pins, having earned them through the Little Cross and Crown System.

THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

A Romance
by
Zane Grey

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room a drunken cowboy enters, makes it clear he is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. He returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Hi." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a sudden swoop outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, "Bonita," take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

CHAPTER II.—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred, action of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, an employer, typical western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

CHAPTER IV.—Danny Malins, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared, with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Bonita.

CHAPTER V.—Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch.

CHAPTER VI.—Stewart's horse comes to the ranch with a note on the saddle asking Madeline to accept the beautiful animal. With her brother's consent she does so, naming him "Stewie." Her own pet, nicknamed "Stewie," independently rich, arranges to buy Stillwell's ranch and that of Don Carlos, a Mexican neighbor.

CHAPTER VII.—Madeline feels she has found her right place, under the light of the western stars.

CHAPTER VIII.—Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chihuahua, and knowing her brother's fondness for him, Madeline visits him and prevails upon him to come to the ranch as the boss of her cowboys.

CHAPTER IX.—Jim Nels, Nick Steele, and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos' vaqueros, who are really guerrillas. Madeline pledges Stewart to see that peace is kept.

CHAPTER X.—Madeline and Florence, returning home from Alfred's ranch, run into a bunch of vaqueros. Florence, knowing the Mexicans are after Madeline, decoys them away, and Madeline gets home safely but alone.

CHAPTER XI.—A raiding guerrilla band carries off Madeline. Stewart follows alone. The leader is a man with whom Stewart had served in Mexico. He releases the girl, arranging for ransom. Returning home, with Stewart, Madeline finds herself strangely stirred.

CHAPTER XII.—Madeline's sister Helen, with a party of extra friends, arrives at the ranch, craving excitement.

CHAPTER XIII.—For the guests' entertainment a game of golf is arranged. Stewart interrupts the game, warning the whole party return at once to the house. He tells Madeline her guests are not safe while the Mexican revolution is going on, and urges them to go up to the mountains out of danger. They decide to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.—The guerrillas leave during the night, without making trouble. Madeline and her guests, with the cowboys, go up to the mountains.

CHAPTER XV.—Edith Wayne pleads with Madeline to return to the East, but she refuses.

CHAPTER XVI.—Wandering in the mountains, Madeline sees Stewart with the girl Bonita, and comes to the worst conclusions. At camp Stewart offers to explain. Madeline will not listen. Stewart, in a rage, starts to leave. Camp. Nels brings news that Don Carlos and his followers are coming.

CHAPTER XVII.—The women are concealed, and the approach of the guerrillas awaited. They come, blasting, but Stewart's determined attitude cows them, and they leave hastily. The party at once begins its return to the ranch.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Alfred Hammond, who has been in California, writes Madeline announcing his immediate return and that he will marry Florence at once. He arrives, the wedding takes place, but the festivities are interrupted by the arrival of Pat Howe, sheriff of El Cajon, who declares his intention of arresting Stewart for the murder of a Mexican on the night when Stewart first met Madeline. To save Stewart, Madeline tells the whole story. Howe listens her, and Stewart, who is unarmed, is freed by force from attacking him. "Monty" Price denounces Howe and his deputy, and in a pistol duel kills them both, but loses his own life.

CHAPTER XIX.—Riding alone, Madeline meets Stewart, who declares his love, approaches her for help, but she had a quarrel with Bonita, kisses her despite her vehement protests, and rides away.

CHAPTER XX

The Secret Told.

Late in the night Madeline fell asleep. In the morning she was pale and languid, but in a mental condition that promised composure.

It was considerably after her regular hour that Madeline repaired to her office. The door was open, and just outside, slipped back in a chair, sat Stillwell.

"Mav'nin, Miss Majesty," he said, as he rose to greet her with his usual courtesy. Madeline shrank inwardly, fearing his old lamentations about Stewart. Then she saw a dusty, ragged pony in the yard and a little burro drooping under a heavy pack. Both animals bore evidence of long, arduous travel.

"To whom do they belong?" asked Madeline.

"Them critters? Why, Danny Malins," replied Stillwell, with a cough that betrayed embarrassment.

"Is Danny Malins here?" she asked, in sudden curiosity.

The old cattleman nodded gloomily.

"Yep, he's here, all right. Slipped in from the hills an' he hollered to see Bonita. He's loosed, too, about that little black-eyed hussy. Why, he hardly said, 'Howdy, Bill,' before he began to ask with an eager question, 'I took him in to see Bonita. He's been there

more'n a half-hour now."

Rapid footsteps with an accompaniment of clinking spurs sounded in the hallway. Then a young man ran out upon the porch. He was a handsome, frank-faced boy. At sight of Madeline he slumped down his shoulders and, leaping at her, he possessed himself of her hands. His swift violence not only alarmed her, but painfully reminded her of something she wished to forget.

This cowboy bent his head and kissed her hands and wrung them, and when he straightened up he was crying.

"Miss Hammond, she's safe an' almost well, an' what I feared most ain't so, thank God," he cried. "Sure I'll never be able to pay you for all you've done for her. She's told me how she was dragged down here, how Gene tried to save her, how you spoke up for Gene an' her, too, how Monty at the last threw his guns. Poor Monty! We were good friends. Monty an' I. There's Nels an' Nick an' Gene, he's been some friend to me; but Monty Price was—he was grand. He never knew, any more than you or Bill, here, or the boys, what Bonita was to me."

Stillwell's kind and heavy hand fell upon the cowboy's shoulder.

"Danny, what's all this queer gab?" he asked. "An' you're takin' some liberty with Miss Hammond, who never seen you before. I see you're not drinkin'. Come, ease up now an' talk sense."

The cowboy's fine, frank face broke into a smile. He dashed the tears from his eyes. Then he laughed. His laugh had a pleasant, boyish ring—a happy ring.

"Bill, old pal, stand beside down a minute, will you?" Then he bowed to Madeline. "I beg your pardon, Miss Hammond, for seemin' rudeness. I'm Danny Malins. An' Bonita is my wife. I'm so crazy glad she's safe an' unharmed—so grateful to you that—why, sure it's a wonder I didn't kiss you outright."

"Bonita's your wife?" ejaculated Stillwell.

"Sure. We've been married for months," replied Danny, happily. "Gene Stewart did it. Good old Gene. I guess maybe I haven't come to pay him up for all he's done for me! You see, I've been in love with Bonita for two years. An' Gene—you know, Bill, what a way Gene has with girls—he was—well, he was tryin' to get Bonita to have me."

Madeline's quick, varying emotions were swallowed up in a boundless gladness. Something dark, deep, heavy, and somber was flooded from her heart. She had a sudden rich sense of gratitude toward this smiling, clean-faced cowboy whose blue eyes flashed through tears.

"Danny Malins," she said, tremulously and smilingly. "If you're as glad



"If You Really Think I Merit Such a Reward, You May Kiss Me Outright."

as your news has made me—if you really think I merit such a reward—you may kiss me outright."

With a bashful wonder, but with right heartily will, Danny Malins availed himself of this gracious privilege.

Stillwell snorted. The signs of his phenomenal smile were manifest, otherwise Madeline would have thought that short an indication of furious disapproval.

"Bill, straddle a chair," said Danny. "You've gone back a heap these last few months, frettin' over your bad boys, Danny an' Gene. You'll need support under you while I'm throwin' my arm. Story of my life, Bill. He placed a chair for Madeline. "Miss Hammond, beggin' your pardon again, I want you to listen, also. You've the face an' eyes of a woman who loves to hear of other people's happiness. Besides, somehow, it's easy for me to talk lookin' at you."

Walking off the porch, he stood before the weary horse and burro. With the swift violence characteristic of

men of his class he slipped the pack from the burro and threw saddle and bridle from the horse.

He untied the pack and, taking a small, heavy sack from it, he came back upon the porch. Deliberately he dumped the contents of the sack at Stillwell's feet. Piece after piece of rock thumped upon the floor. The pieces were sharp, ragged, evidently broken from a ledge; the body of them was white in color, with yellow veins and bars and streaks. Stillwell grasped up one rock after another, stared and stammered, put the rocks to his lips, dug into them with his shaking fingers; then he lay back in his chair, head against the wall, and as he gaped at Danny the old smile began to transform his face.

Danny regarded Stillwell with lofty condescension. "Now, Bill, what've we got here, say, offhand?"

"Oh, Lord, Danny! I'm afraid to say. 'Look, Miss Majesty, just look at the gold. I've lived among prospectors an' gold mines for thirty years, an' I never seen the beat of this.'"

"The Last Mine of the Padres!" cried Danny, in stentorian voice. "An' it belongs to me!"

Stillwell made some incoherent sound as he sat up fascinated, quite beside himself.

"Bill, it was some long time ago since you saw me," said Danny. "Fact is, I know how you feel, because Gene kept me posted. I happened to run across Bonita, an' I wasn't goin' to let her ride away alone, when she told me she was in trouble. We hit the trail for the Peloncos. Bonita had Gene's horse, an' she was to meet him up on the trail. We got to the mountains all right, an' nearly starved for a few days till Gene found us. He had got in trouble himself an' couldn't fetch much with him."

"We made for the crags an' built a cabin. I come down that day Gene sent his horse Majesty to you. Never saw Gene so broken-hearted. Well, after he stopped for the border Bonita an' I were hard put to it to keep alive. But we got along, an' I think it was then she began to care a little for me. Once I went to El Cajon an' run plumb into Gene. He was back from the revolution an' cuttin' up some. But I got away from him after some. All I could do drag him out of town. A long time after that Gene trailed up to the crags an' found us. Gene had stopped drinkin', he'd changed wonderful, was fine an' dandy. It was then he began to pester the life out of me to make me marry Bonita. I was happy, so was she, an' I was some scared of spollin' it. Gene's dog-gone hard to buck against! I had to give in, an' I asked Bonita to marry me. Well, she wouldn't at first—said she wasn't good enough for me. But I saw the marriage idea was workin' deep, an' I just kept on bein' as decent as I knew how. So it was my wantin' to marry Bonita—my heart glad to marry her—that made her grow soft an' sweet an' pretty as—as a mountain quail. Gene fetched up Padre Marcos, an' he married us."

Danny paused in his narrative, breathing hard, as if the memory of the incident described had stirred strong and thrilling feeling in him. Stillwell's smile was rapturous. Madeline leaned toward Danny with her eyes shining.

"Miss Hammond, an' you, Bill! Stillwell, now listen, for this is strange I've got to tell you. The afternoon Bonita an' I were married, when Gene an' the padre had gone, she left me for a little, an' when she came back she wore some pretty yellow flowers in her hair. She said some queer things about spirits rollin' rocks down the canyon. Then she said she wanted to show me where she always sat an' yelled an' watched for me when I was away. She led me around under the crags to a long slope. It was some pretty there—clear an' open, with a long sweep, an' the desert yawnin' deep an' red. There were yellow flowers on that slope, the same kind she had in her hair."

"When I heard the strange crack of rollin' rocks—heard them rattle down an' roll an' grow faint—I was some out of my head. But not for long. Them rocks were rollin' all right, only it was the weatherin' of the cliffs."

"An' there under the crags was a gold pocket."

"Then I was worse than loosed. I went gold-crazy. I worked like seventeen burros. Bill, I dug a lot of gold-bearin' quartz. Bonita watched the trails for me, brought me water. That was how she come to get caught by Pat Howe an' his guerrillas. Sure! Pat Howe was so set on Gene that he mixed up with Don Carlos. Bonita will tell you some staggerin' news about that outfit. Just now my story is all gold."

Danny Malins got up and kicked back his chair. Blue lightning gleamed from his eyes as he thrust a hand toward Stillwell.

"Bill, old pal, put her there—give me your hand," he said. "You were always my friend. You had faith in me. Well, Danny Malins owes you, an' he owes Gene Stewart a good deal, an' Danny Malins pays. I want two partners to help me work my gold mine. You an' Gene. Go fetch him; an' right here in this house, with my wife an' Miss Hammond as witnesses, we'll draw up a partnership. Go find him, Bill. I want to show him this gold, show him how Danny Malins pays! An' the only bitter drop in my cup today is that I can't ever pay Monty Price."

Madeline watched the huge Stillwell and the little cowboy, both talking wildly, as they walked off arm in arm to find Stewart. She imagined something of what Danny's disappointment would be of the elder man's consternation and grief, when he learned Stewart had left for the border. At this juncture she looked up to see a strange, yet familiar figure approaching. Padre Marcos!

Mention of Padre Marcos, sight of him, had always occasioned Madeline a little indefinable shock; and now, as he stepped to the porch, a shrunken, stooped, and sad-faced man, she was startled.

The padre bowed low to her.

"Senora, will you grant me audience? It is a matter of great moment,

which you might not care to have any one hear."

Wonderfully Madeline inclined her head. The padre gently closed one door and then the others.

"Senora, I have come to disclose a secret—my own sinfulness in keeping it—and to beseech your pardon. Do you remember that night Senor Stewart dragged me before you in the waiting-room at El Cajon?"

"Yes," replied Madeline.

"Senora, since that night you have been Senor Stewart's wife?"

Madeline became as motionless as stone. She seemed to feel nothing, only to hear.

"You are Senor Stewart's wife. I have kept the secret under fear of death. But I could keep it no longer. Senor Stewart may kill me now. Ah, Senora, it is very strange to you. You were so frightened that night, you know not what happened. Senor Stewart threatened me. He forced you. He made me speak the service. He made you speak the Spanish yes. And I, Senora, knowing the deeds of these sinful cowboys, fearing worse than disgrace to one so beautiful and so good as you, I could not do less than marry you truly. At least you should be his wife. So I married you, truly, in the service of my church."

"My God!" cried Madeline, rising.

"Hear me! I implore you, Senora, hear me out! Do not leave me! Do not look so—so— Ah, Senora, let me speak a word for Senor Stewart. He was drunk that night. He did not know what he was about. In the morning he came to me, made me swear by my cross that I would not reveal the disgrace he had put upon you. If I did he would kill me. Life is nothing to the American vaquero, Senora. I promised to respect his command, but I did not tell him you were his wife. He did not dream I had truly married you. He went to fight for the freedom of my country—Senora, he is one splendid soldier—and I brooded over the sin of my secret. If he were killed I need never tell you. But if he lived I knew that I must some day."

"Senora, I pray you, do not misunderstand my mission. Beyond my confession to you I have only a duty to tell you of the man whose wife you are. But I am a priest and I can read the soul. The ways of God are inscrutable. I am only a humble instrument. You are a noble woman, and Senor Stewart is a man of desert iron forged anew in the crucible of love. Queen above? Senor Stewart swore he would kill me if I betrayed him. But he will not lift his hand against me. For the man bears you a very great and pure love, and it has changed him. To love you above the spirit of the flesh; to know you are his wife, his never to be another's except by his sacrifice; to watch you with a secret glory of joy and pride; to stand, while he might, between you and evil; to find his happiness in service; to wait, with never a dream of telling you, for the hour to come when to leave you free he must go out and get himself shot! Senora, that is beautiful! It is sublime, it is terrible. It has brought me to you with my confession. So I beseech you in my humble office as priest, as a lover of mankind, before you send Stewart to his death, to be sure there is here no mysterious dispensation of God. I pray you, Senora, before you let Stewart give you freedom at such cost be sure you do not want his love, lest you cast away something sweet and ennobling which you yourself have created."

CHAPTER XXI

News of Stewart.

Blinded, like a wild creature, Madeline Hammond ran to her room. She fell as if a stroke of lightning had shattered the shadowy substance of the dream she had made of real life. The wonder of Danny Malins' story, the strange secret with which she had realized her injustice to Stewart, the astounding secret as revealed by Padre Marcos—these were forgotten in the sudden consciousness of her own love. She liberated the thought that knocked at the gates of her mind. With quivering lips she whispered it. Then she spoke aloud:

"I will say it—hear it. I—I love him!"

In a nature like hers, where strength of feeling had long been inhibited as a matter of training, such a transforming surprise as sudden consciousness of passionate love required time for its awakening, time for its sway. By and by that last calligng moment came, and Madeline Hammond faced not only the love in her heart, but the thought of the man she loved.

Suddenly, as she raged, something in her—this damnable new personality—took arms against inhibition of Gene Stewart. Her mind whirled about him and his life. She saw him drunk, brutal; she saw him abandoned, lost. Then out of the picture she had of him thus slowly grew one of a different man—weak, sick, changed by shock, growing strong, strangely, spiritually altered, silent, lonely like an eagle, secretive, tireless, faithful, soft as a woman, hard as iron to endure, and at the last noble.

"Oh, it is all terrible!" she cried. "I am his wife. His wife! That meeting with him—the marriage—then his fall, his love, his rise, his silence, his pride! And I can never be anything to him. Could I be anything to him? I, Madeline Hammond? But I am his wife, and I love him! His wife! I am the wife of a cowboy! That might be undone. Can my love be undone? Ah, do I want anything undone? He is gone. Gone! Could he have meant—I will not, dare not think of that. He will come back. No, he never will come back. Oh, what shall I do?"

And on the morning of the next day, when Madeline went out upon the porch, Stillwell, haggard and stern, with husky, incoherent words, handed her a message from El Cajon. She read:

"El Capitán Stewart captured by rebel soldiers in fight at Agua Prieta yesterday. He was a sharpshooter in



"I Will Say It—Hear It—I Love Him!"

the federal ranks. Sentenced to death Thursday at sunset."

CHAPTER XXII

The Ride.

The old cattleman stood mute before her, staring at her white face, at her eyes of flame.

"Stillwell! I am Stewart's wife!"

"My Gawd, Miss Majesty!" he burst out. "I knowed somethin' terrible was wrong. Ay, sure it's a pity—"

"Do you think I'll let him be shot when I know him now, when I'm no longer blind, when I love him?" she asked, with passionate sweetness. "I will save him. This is Wednesday morning. I have thirty-six hours to save his life. Stillwell, send for Link and the car!"

She went into her office. Her mind worked with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Her plan, born in one lightninglike flash of thought, necessitated the careful wording of telegrams to Washington, to New York, to San Antonio. These were to senators, representatives, men high in public and private life, men who would remember her and who would serve her to their utmost. Never before had her position meant anything to her comparable with what it meant now. Never in all her life had money seemed the power that it was then. If she had been poor! A shuddering chill froze the thought at its inception. She dispelled heart-breaking thoughts. She had power. She had wealth. She would set into operation all the unlimited means these gave her—the wires and pulleys and strings underneath the surface of political and international life, the open, free, purchasing value of money or the deep, underground, mysterious, incalculably powerful influence moved by gold. She could save Stewart.

When she went outside the car was there with Link, helmet in hand, a cool, bright gleam in his eyes, and with Stillwell, losing his haggard misery, beginning to respond to Madeline's spirit.

"Link, drive Stillwell to El Cajon in time for him to catch the El Paso train," she said. "Wait there for his return and if any message comes from him, telephone it at once to me."

Then she gave Stillwell the telegrams to send from El Cajon and drafts to cash in El Paso. She instructed him to go before the rebel junta, then stationed at Juarez, to explain the situation, to bid them expect communications from Washington officials in question and advising Stewart's change as a prisoner of war, to offer to buy his release from the rebel authorities.

There was a crack, a muffled sound bursting into a run, and the big car jerked forward to bound over the edge of the slope, to leap down the long incline, to shoot out upon the level valley floor and disappear in moving dust.

Madeline endured patiently, endured for long interminable hours while holding to hope with indomitable will.

No message came. At sunset she went outdoors, suffering a torment of accumulating suspense. Night fell. She prayed for the sun not to rise, not to begin its short twelve-hour journey toward what might be a fatal setting for Stewart. But the dawn did lighten, swiftly she thought, remorselessly. Daylight had broken, and this was Thursday!

Sharp ringing at the telephone bell startled her, roused her into action. She ran to answer the call.

"Hello—hello—Miss Majesty!" came the hurried reply. "This is Link talkin'. Messages for you. Favorable, the operator said. I'm to ride out with them. I'll come a-hummin'."

That was all. Madeline heard the bang of the receiver as Stevens threw it down. Favorable! Then Stillwell had been successful. Her heart leaped. Suddenly she became weak and her hands failed of their accustomed deftness. It took her what seemed a thousand years to dress. Breakfast meant nothing to her except that it helped her to pass dragging minutes.

Finally a low hum, mounting swiftly to a roar and ending with a sharp report, announced the arrival of the car. If her feet had kept pace with her heart she would have raced out to meet Link.

He gave her a packet of telegrams. Madeline tore them open with shaking fingers, began to read with swift, dim eyes. Some were from Washington, assuring her of every possible service; some were from New York; others written in Spanish were from El Paso, and these she could not wholly translate in a brief glance. Would she never read Stillwell's message? It was the last. It was lengthy. It read:

"Bought Stewart's release. Also arranged for his transfer as prisoner of war. Both matters official. He's safe if we can get notice to his captors. Not sure I've reached them by wire. Afraid to trust it. You go with Link

to Agua Prieta. Take the messages sent you in Spanish. They will protect you and secure Stewart's freedom. Take Nels with you. Stop for nothing. Tell Link all—trust him—let him drive that car."

"STILLWELL!"

"Link, do you know the roads, the trails—the desert between here and



"Can an Automobile Be Driven From Here into Northern Mexico?"

Agua Prieta?" she asked. Can an automobile be driven from here into northern Mexico?

"Sure. But it'd take time."

"We must do it in little time," she went on, in swift eagerness. "Otherwise Stewart may be—probably will be—shot."

Link Stevens appeared suddenly to grow lax, shriveled, to lose all his peculiar port brightness, to weaken and age.

"I'm only a—cowboy, Miss Majesty. He almost faltered. It was a singular change in him. "There's an awful ride—down over the border. If by some luck I didn't smash the car I'd turn your hair gray. You'd never have no good after that ride!"

"I am Stewart's wife," she answered him, and she looked at him, not conscious of any motive to persuade or allure, but just to let him know the greatness of her dependence upon him.

He started violently—the old action of Stewart, the memorable action of Monty Price. This man was of the same wild breed.

Then Madeline's words flowed in a torrent. "I am Stewart's wife. I love him; I have been unjust to him; I must save him. Link, I have faith in you. I beseech you to do your best for Stewart's sake—for my sake. I'll risk the ride gladly—bravely. I'll not care where or how you drive. I'd rather plunge into a canyon—go to my death on the rocks—than not try to save Stewart."

How beautiful the response of this rude cowboy—to realize his absolute unconsciousness of self, to see the haggard shade burn out of his face, the old, cool, devil-may-care spirit return to his eyes, and to feel something wonderful about him then! It was more than will or daring or sacrifice. A blood-like might have existed between him and Madeline.

"Miss Majesty, that ride figgers impossible, but I'll do it!" he replied. His cool, bright glance thrilled her. "I'll need maybe half an hour to go over the car an' to pack on what I'll want."

She could not thank him, and her reply was merely a request that he tell Nels and other cowboys off duty to come up to the house. When Link had gone Madeline gave a moment's thought to preparations for the ride.

A number of cowboys were waiting. She explained the situation and left them in charge of her home. With that she asked Nels to accompany her down into the desert.

"Why, Miss Majesty, I'm powerful proud to go. If you're goin' down among the Greasers you want me."

Madeline heard the buzz of the car. Link appeared, driving up the slope. He made a short, sliding turn and stopped before the porch. Link had tied two long, heavy planks upon the car, one on each side, and in every available space he had strapped extra tires. A huge cask occupied one back seat, and another seat was full of tools and ropes. There was just room in this rear part of the car for Nels to squeeze in. Link put Madeline in front beside him, then bent over the wheel. Madeline waved her hand at the silent cowboys on the porch. Not an audible word was spoken.

The car glided out of the yard, leaped from level to slope, and started swiftly down the road, out into the open valley. Each stronger rush of dry wind in Madeline's face marked the increase of speed. The buzz, the roar of wheels of heavy body to flight, increased to a continuous droning hum. The wind became an insupportable body moving toward her, crushing her breast, making the task of breathing most difficult. To Madeline the time seemed to fly with the speed of miles.

Cactus barred the way, rocks barred the way, gullies barred the way, and these Nels addressed in the grim humor with which he was wont to view tragic things. Again and again Link used the planks to cross washes in sand. Presently he came to a ditch where water had worn deep into the road. Without hesitation he placed them, measuring distance carefully, and then started across. The danger was in ditching the machine. One of the planks split, sagged a little, but Link made the crossing without slip.

At length a mile of clean, brown slope, ridged and grooved like a washboard, led gently down to meet the floor of the valley, where the scant grass-straw struggled to give a trace of gray. The road appeared to become more clearly defined, and could be seen striking straight across the valley.

To Madeline's dismay, that road

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LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

Continued from Page 2

led down to a deep, narrow wash. The crossing would have been laborious for a horse; for an automobile it was impossible. Link drove back to the road, crossed it, and kept on down the line of the wash. It was a deep cut in red earth, worn straight down by swift water in the rainy season. It narrowed. When Link reached the narrowest point he got out of the car and walked from place to place. Once with a little jump he cleared the wash. Then Madeline noted that the farther rim was somewhat lower. In a dash she divined Link's intention. He was hunting a place to jump the car over the track in the ground.

Soon he found one that seemed to suit him, for he tied his red scarf upon a greasewood-bush. Then, returning to the car, he clambered up, backed up the gentle slope and halted just short of steeper ground. Hunching low over the wheel, he started, slowly at first, then faster, and then faster. The great car gave a spring like a huge tiger. The impact of suddenly formed wind almost tore Madeline out of her seat. She felt Nels' powerful hands on her shoulders. She closed her eyes. The jolting headway of the car gave place to a gliding rush. This was broken by a slight jar, and then above the hum and roar rose a cowboy yell. Madeline waited with strained nerves for the expected crash. It did not come. Opening her eyes, she saw the level valley floor without a break. She had not even noticed the instant when the car had shot over the wash.

A strange breathlessness attacked her, and she attributed it to the velocity with which she was being carried along. Pulling the hood down over her face, she sank low in the seat. The whir of the car now seemed to be a world-filling sound. There was a long, blank period from which she awakened to feel an arm supporting her. Then she rallied. The velocity of the car had been cut to the speed to which she was accustomed. Throwing back the hood, she breathed freely again, recovered fully.

The car was howling along a wide road upon the outskirts of a city. Madeline asked what place it could be.

"Douglas," replied Link. "Ain't just around is Agua Prieta."

That last name seemed to stun Madeline. She heard no more, and saw little until the car stopped. Nels spoke to some one. Then sight of khaki-clad soldiers quickened Madeline's faculties. She was on the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico, and Agua Prieta, with its white and blue-walled houses, its brown-tiled roofs, lay before her. A cavalry officer approached the car, stared, and removed his sombrero.

"Can you tell me anything about Stewart, the American cowboy who was captured by rebels a few days ago?" asked Madeline.

"Yes," replied the officer. "Stewart is reported to have done reckless fighting and was captured. He got a Mexican sentence. He is known here along the border, and the news of his capture stirred up excitement. We did all we could to get his release. The guerrillas feared to execute him here, and believed he might be able to escape. So a detachment departed with him for Mezquital."

"He was sentenced to be shot Thursday at sunset—tonight?"

"Yes. I regret that I can't give you definite information. If you are friends of Stewart's—relatives—I might find—"

"I am his wife," interrupted Madeline. "Will you please read these." She handed him the telegrams. "Advise me—help me, if you can!"

With a wondering glance at her the officer received the telegrams. He read several, and whistled low in amazement. His manner became quick, alert, serious.

"I can't read these written in Spanish, but I know the names signed." Swiftly he ran through the others. "Why, these mean Stewart's release has been authorized. They explain mysterious rumors we have heard here. Greaser treachery! For some strange reason, messages from the rebel junta have failed to reach their destination. I'll go with you to General Salazar, the rebel chief in command. I know him. Perhaps we can find out something."

Nels made room for the officer. Link sent the car whirling across the line into Mexican territory. The road ended in an immense plaza, in the center of which was a circular structure that in some measure resembled a corral. It was a bull-ring, where the national sport of bull-fighting was carried on.

Madeline caught a glimpse of tents beside, then her view was obstructed by a curious, pressing throng. The cavalry officer leaped from the car and pushed his way into the entrance.

How stifling was this crowded, ill-smelling plaza! The sun, red and lowering, had sloped far down in the west, but still burned with furnace heat. A swarm of flies whirled over the car. The shadows of low-flying buzzards crossed Madeline's sight. Then she saw a row of the huge, uncanny black birds sitting upon the tiled roof of a

house. They had neither an air of sleeping nor resting. They were waiting. She fought off a horrible ghastly idea before its full realization.

Suddenly the crowd parted to let the cavalry officer and a rebel of striking presence get to the car.

"Madam, it is as I suspected," said the officer, quickly. "The messages directing Stewart's release never reached Salazar. They were intercepted. But even without them we



She Handed Him the Telegrams. "Advise Me—Help Me, if You Can!"

might have secured Stewart's exchange if it had not been for the fact that one of his captors wanted him shot. This guerrilla intercepted the orders, and then was instrumental in taking Stewart to Mezquital. It is exceedingly sad. Why, he should be a free man this instant. I regret—"

"Who did this—this thing?" cried Madeline, cold and sick. "Who is the guerrilla?"

"Senior Don Carlos Martinez. He has been a bandit, a man of influence in Sonora. He is more of a secret agent in the affairs of the revolution than an active participant. But he has seen guerrilla service."

"Don Carlos! Stewart to his power! Oh, God!" Madeline sank down, almost overcome. Then two great hands, powerful, thrilling, clasped her shoulders, and Nels bent over her.

"Miss Madeline, shorn we're wastin' time here," he said. His voice, like his hands, was uplifting. She wheeled to him in trembling impatience. How cold, bright, blue the flash of his eyes! They told Madeline she must not weaken. But she could not speak her thought to Nels—could only look at Link.

"It figures impossible, but I'll do it!" said Link Stevens, in answer to her voiceless query.

"Can I get a permit to go into the interior to Mezquital?" asked Madeline of the officer.

"You are going on? Madam, it's a forlorn hope. Mezquital is a hundred miles away. But there's a chance—the barest chance if your man can drive this car. The Mexicans are either murderers or ceremonious in their executions. The arrangements for Stewart's will be elaborate. But, barring unusual circumstances, it will take place precisely at the hour designated. You need no permit. Your messages are official papers. But to save time, perhaps delay, I suggest you take this Mexican, Senior Montes, with you. He outranks Don Carlos and knows the captain of the Mezquital detachment."

"I thank you, sir. I shall not forget your kindness," concluded Madeline.

The white, narrow road flashed out of the foreground, slipped with inconceivable rapidity under the car. When she marked a clump of cactus far ahead it seemed to shoot at her, to speed behind her even the instant she noticed it. Nevertheless, Madeline knew Link was not putting the car to its limit. Swiftly as he was flying, he held something in reserve. And every tent and blade and branch of cactus bore wicked thorns, any one of which would be fatal to a tire.

It came at length, the bursting report. The car lurched, went on like a crippled thing, and halted, obedient to the master hand at the wheel. Swift as Link was in replacing the tire, he lost time. The red sun, more sinister, darker as it neared the black, bold horizon, appeared to mock Madeline, to eye her in derision.

Link leaped in, and the car sprang ahead. The road began to wind up; it turned and twisted in tantalizing, dizzy curves; it was in no hurry to surmount a hill that began to assume proportions of a mountain; it was less sure; as were all things in Mexico except strife. That was quick, fierce, bloody—it was Spanish.

The descent from that elevation was difficult, extremely hazardous, yet Link Stevens drove fast. Then, in taking an abrupt curve, a grasping spear ruined another tire. This time the car rasped across the road into the cactus, bursting the second front-wheel tire. Like demons indeed Link and Nels worked, shuddering, Madeline felt the declining heat of the sun, saw with gloomy eyes the shading of the red light over the desert. She did not look back to see how near the sun was to the horizon. She wanted to ask Nels. Strange as anything on this terrible ride was the absence of speech. As yet no word had been spoken. Madeline wanted to shriek to Link to hurry. But he was more than humanly swift in all his actions. So with mute lips, with the fire in her beginning to chill, she watched, hoped, agonized, prayed for a long, straight, smooth road.

Quite suddenly she saw it, seemingly miles of clear, narrow lane disappearing like a thin, white streak in distant green. Perhaps Link Stevens' heart leaped like Madeline's. The huge car with a roar and a jerk seemed to answer Madeline's call, a cry no less poignant because it was silent.

Faster, faster, faster! The roar became a whining hum. Then for Madeline sound ceased to be anything—she could not hear. The wind was now heavy, impenetrable, no longer a swift, plastic thing, but solid, like an crushing wall. It bore down upon Madeline with such resistless weight that she could not move. The green of desert plants along the road merged in two

shapeless fences, sliding at her from the distance. Objects ahead began to blur the white road, to grow streaky, like rays of light, the sky to take on more of a reddening haze.

That was Madeline's last clear sensation upon the ride. Blinded, dazed, she succumbed to the demands upon her strength. She reeled, fell back, only vaguely aware of a helping hand. Confusion seized her senses. All about her was a dark chaos through which she was rushing, rushing, rushing under the wrathful eye of a setting sun.

But at an end of infinite time that rush ceased. Madeline lost the queer feeling of being disembodied by a frightfully swift careening through boundless distance. She distinguished voices, low at first, apparently far away. Then she opened her eyes to blurred but conscious sight.

The car had come to a stop. Link was lying face down over the wheel. Nels was rubbing her hands, calling to her. She saw a house with clean white-washed walls and brown-tiled roof. Beyond, over a dark mountain range, peeped the last red curve, the last beautiful ray of the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXIII

At the End of the Road.

Madeline saw that the car was surrounded by armed Mexicans. They presented a contrast to the others she had seen that day; she wondered a little at their silence, at their respectful front.

Suddenly a sharp spoken order opened up the ranks next to the house. Senior Montes appeared in the break, coming swiftly. His dark face wore a smile; his manner was courteous, important, authoritative.

"Senora, you got here in time. El Capitan Stewart will be free."

"Free!" she whispered.

She rose, reeling.

"Come," replied Montes, taking her arm. "Perdoneme, Senora."

Senior Montes led Madeline through a hall to a patio, and on through a large room with flooring of rough, bare boards that rattled, into a smaller room full of armed quiet rebels facing an open window.

Montes directed Madeline's attention to a man by the window. A loose scarf of vivid red hung from his hand.

"Senora, they were waiting for the sun to set when we arrived," said Montes. "The signal was about to be given for Senior Stewart's walk to death."

"Stewart's walk!" echoed Madeline.

"Ah, Senora, let me tell you his sentence—the sentence I have had the honor and happiness to revoke for you."

Stewart had been court-martialed and sentenced according to a Mexican custom observed in cases of brave soldiers to whom honorable and fitting executions were due. His hour had been set for Thursday when the sun had sunk. Upon signal he was to be liberated and was free to walk out into the road, to take any direction he pleased. He knew his sentence; knew that death awaited him, that every possible avenue of escape was blocked by men with rifles ready. But he had not the slightest idea at what moment or from what direction the bullets were to come.

"Senora, we have sent messengers to every squad of waiting soldiers—an order that El Capitan is not to be shot. He is ignorant of his release. I shall give the signal for his freedom."

"Is there no—no possibility of a mistake?" faltered Madeline.

"None. My order included unloading of rifles."

"Don Carlos?"

"He is in town, and must answer to General Salazar," replied Montes.

With a heart stricken by both joy and agony, she saw Montes give the signal.

Then she waited. No change manifested itself down the length of that lonely road. There was absolute silence in the room behind her. How terribly, infinitely long seemed the waiting!

Suddenly a door opened and a tall man stepped out.

Madeline recognized Stewart. She had to place both hands on the window-sill for support, while a storm of emotion swayed her. Like a retreating wave it rushed away. Stewart lived. He was free. He had stepped out into the light. She had saved him. Life changed for her in that instant of realization and became sweet, full, strange.

Stewart shook hands with some one in the doorway. Then he looked up and down the road. The door closed behind him. Leisurely he rolled a cigarette, stood close to the wall while he scratched a match. Even at that distance Madeline's keen eyes caught the small flame, the first little puff of smoke.

Stewart then took to the middle of the road and leisurely began his walk. Madeline watched him, with pride, love, pain, glory combating for a mastery over her. This walk of his seemingly took longer than all her hours of awakening, of strife, of remorse, longer than the ride to find him. She felt that it would be impossible for her to wait till he reached the end of the road. Yet in the hurry and riot of her feelings she had forgotten panic. She wanted to run to meet him. Nevertheless, she stood rooted to her covert behind the window, liking that terrible walk with him to the uttermost thought of home, sister, mother, sweetheart, wife, life itself—every thought that could come to a man stalking to meet his executioners. With all that tumult in her mind and heart Madeline still fell prey to the incomprehensible variations of emotion possible to a woman. Every step Stewart took thrilled her. She had some strange, subtle intuition that he was not unhappy, and that he believed beyond shadow of doubt that he was walking to his death. His steps dragged a little, though they had begun to be swift. The old, hard, physical, wild nerve of the cowboy was perhaps in conflict with spiritual growth of the finer man, realizing too

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

late that life ought not to be sacrificed.

Then the dark gleam that was his face took shape, grew sharper and clearer. He was stalking now, and there was a suggestion of impatience in his stride. It took these hidden Mexicans a long time to kill him! At a point in the middle of the road, even with the corner of a house and opposite to Madeline's position, Stewart halted stockstill. He presented a fair, bold mark to his executioners, and he stood there motionless a full moment.

That wait was almost unendurable for Madeline. Perhaps it was only a moment, several moments at the longest, but the time seemed a year. Stewart's face was scornful, hard. Did he suspect treachery on the part of his captors, that they meant to play wit? him as a cat with a mouse, to murder him at leisure? Madeline was sure she caught the full, inscrutable, mocking smile fleeing across his lips. He held that position for what must have been a reasonable time to his mind, then with a laugh and a shrug he threw the cigarette into the road. He shook his head as if at the incomprehensible motives of men who could have no fair reason for delay.

He made a sudden violent action that was more than a straightening of his powerful frame. It was the old instinctive violence. Then he faced north. Madeline read his thought, knew he was thinking of her, calling her a last silent farewell. He would serve her to his last breath, leave her free, keep his secret. That picture of him, dark-browed, fire-eyed, strangely sad and strong, sunk indelibly into Madeline's heart of hearts.

The next instant he was striding forward, to force by bold and scornful presence a speedy fulfillment of his sentence.

Madeline stepped into the door, crossed the threshold. Stewart staggered as if indeed the bullets he expected had pierced him in mortal wound. His dark face turned white. His eyes had the rapid stare, the wild fear of a man who saw an apparition, yet who doubted his sight. Perhaps



"Who Are You?" He Whispered Hoarsely.

he had called to her as the Mexicans called to their Virgin; perhaps he imagined sudden death had come unawares, and this was her image appearing to him in some other life.

"Who—are—you?" he whispered, hoarsely.

She tried to lift her hands, felled, tried again, and held them out, trembling.

"It is I. Madeline. Your wife!"

(THE END)

A Fable. Once there was a very busy man who didn't have time to listen to a compliment.—Baltimore Sun.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. We do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN ASSAM

Attempt by Government to Abolish a Common Evil Has Met With Much Opposition.

The report on the efforts made by the government to suppress slavery and human sacrifice in the Naga hills shows, according to Mr. Clayton, who was recently commissioner on the northeastern frontier of Burma, that last year there were 271 slaves in Ekamptu, as compared with 373 in the previous year. The reduction was mainly due to release of slaves, writes Henri Hekard in the Cincinnati Enquirer. Several cases have been reported of Indians being enticed by Nagas to work as blacksmiths, and being seized and sold into slavery in the Hukong valley, but only seven Indian slaves were found, of whom three were released, the others being content with their lot. An Indian man and a girl set apart for sacrifice by the Nagas were released.

The investigations showed that human sacrifice was much more common in the Naga hills than was supposed, there being no fewer than six boys and ten girls annually, and in plentiful years twenty boys and thirty girls kidnapped from Assam. These were the commonest victims. The report states that an attempt to rescue slaves from sacrifice creates a vicious circle, in which a fantastic price is charged for a victim hoarded for a bigger and more expensive sacrifice. The report comes to the conclusion that the only solution appears to be direct government administration of the tracts where these hideous practices prevail.

How "Utopia" Originated.

Utopia is the title of a book written by the famous Englishman, Sir Thomas More, who lived from 1480 to 1535. In this book an account is given of an imaginary island named Utopia, the name being made up of two Greek words, one meaning not, and the other, place, the whole expressing the idea conveyed by our word, nowhere. The island is represented to have been discovered by a companion of the famous navigator, Amerigo Vespucci, and as enjoying the utmost perfection in laws, politics, and social conditions, in contrast with the defects of those which existed elsewhere. The name has passed into the language of about all civilized countries to signify a state of ideal perfection. Utopia is represented as a republic, of which the fundamental principle is a community of wealth, that is, everything belonged to the people as a whole, and all shared alike.

Error Made by Many.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling today on the profits of tomorrow.—Johnson.

All About Wigwags and Powwows. Miss M. C. informs us that a high school girl recently inquired of a librarian: "Have you a book on American education in the Twelfth century?"—Boston Transcript.

Also Helps Heartache.

We read just now that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for the toothache. It is difficult to improve on some of those old-time remedies.—Boston Transcript.

Head Too Young.

I asked a lot of three if she was going to school now, just to see what she would say. "O, no," she said, "my head isn't old enough to get marks with yet!"—Exchange.

Natural Law.

Let a man hope for any great and noble thing, and the strength and greatness of that hope will pass into his soul.—John White Chadwick.

Tree Pest Has Bothered Europe. The Douglas fir tree chalcid, an insect introduced into Denmark from American seed, is a much greater pest in Europe than in this country.

Art.

Art, as far as it is able, follows nature, as a pupil imitates its master; thus your art must be as a mere God's grandchild.—Dante.

Thought for the Day.

It is seldom that the fellow on the side lines doesn't think he knows more about the game than the players know.

Bridal Superstition.

According to ancient superstition, it is unlucky for a bride to choose bridesmaids who are not younger than herself.

Obstinate Oven Doors.

If the oven door works stiffly or squeaks, rub a little lard on the hinges and the trouble will disappear.

Essence of Humor.

The essence of humor is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.—Carlyle.

Proved by Adversity.

To have a right estimate of a man's character, you must see him in adversity.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 141
Home Telephone 1030

Saturday, June 16, 1923

They have a mighty hunter out in North Dakota. He claims to have killed in the last twenty five years 9,000 wolves and coyotes. To prove his claims he has receipts to show that in that time he has received in bounties \$24,012.40. He must have been a pretty busy man.

As a result of the repeal of the prohibition enforcement law in New York, Canadian rum runners are said to be doing a very flourishing business shipping Canadian beer and whiskey over the border. The repeal of the enforcement law it is said, has brought new blood and new capital into the illicit traffic.

One undertaking establishment in New York in the last fifteen years has collected 210 bodies of persons who have died in that city, and been sent there to be cremated and never called for afterwards. On Tuesday of this week they had a funeral for the entire two hundred and ten and buried the lot in one grave.

The Pennsylvania railroad officials announce increase of pay to its 112,000 employees amounting to \$8,579,664 annually. This does not look as though the great public need look for any reduction from the tremendous high fares now charged for a long time to come. The public is the last party to be considered in all contracts.

It seems but a short time ago that President Wilson was begging the North to buy a bale of cotton to save the South from bankruptcy. Cotton was then selling around six cents a pound. Now it is going quick around thirty cents, and still the South is not happy. 50 cent cotton is its aim, and they will doubtless reach it.

Secretary Davis, of President Harding's cabinet, has undertaken a big job. He is going to try to settle all the strikes in this country before July 1. He has only two weeks in which to complete the most gigantic job ever undertaken by one man. Here's hoping he will succeed and if he does we will vote him the biggest man in America.

The first annual meeting of the Civil War veterans in this state was held at Rocky Point fifty years ago next Monday. The veterans were numbered by thousands in Rhode Island, now there are only a small handful left, and the ranks are rapidly thinning each year. In a few years the sole survivor of the great war will be pointed out to an admiring public.

Connecticut having passed the anti-daylight saving law and the governor having signed it, the clocks in some of the cities have been draped in mourning, and in others they have been stopped till fall. Most of the cities in the wooden nutmeg state desired the daylight saving time as do the people in three fourths of the cities in the New England states.

Governor Smith of New York says that Bryan talks a great deal and says nothing. Bryan's opinion of Smith, boiled down, would be "You are another". Smith says he does not want to be President. Bryan says it's a good thing for he couldn't be President if he wanted to be. Bryan thinks Smith signed his political death warrant when he signed the New York anti-prohibition bill. Smith is equally certain that Bryan can never be President so everybody is satisfied.

It would seem that the railroads of the country might soon put on a more encouraging aspect to the stockholders, and perhaps give the public some of the benefit of the better times. During the last week in May the freight loadings amounted to 1,014,029 cars; a total exceeded but twice in the transportation history in the United States. These greatly increased freight handlings are a pretty good indication of increased prosperity throughout the country.

A prominent Pennsylvanian desires to establish two new holidays; one for William Penn, the founder of the state, and one for Benjamin Franklin, who though not a native of that state, spent much of his active life there, and added much to the glory of the Keystone State. Penn's birthday, which occurs October 14, he would call "World Peace Day", and Franklin's birthday, January 17, "Self Reliance Day". He would have the Franklin day observed as a day for paying old debts and opening new savings accounts. The idea would seem to be a good one, especially the latter.

ADJOURNED FINALLY.

After an unheard of lengthy session of eighty four days the 1923 session of the General Assembly came to an end last Saturday, and everybody is happy that the state will be subject to no more monkey shines for six months. The unfortunate part of the affair is the fact that the same disgraceful performances that characterized this session are liable to be repeated next winter.

Among the bills passed at this session were

Resolution submitting to the people a constitutional amendment giving to the Governor power to veto specific items in appropriation bills.

Three bills designed to give the Governor an important share in the preparation of the annual appropriation measure.

Resolution to create a joint special committee of the two houses to investigate the wages and fees paid to sheriffs in the five counties.

Act creating a commission to consider plans for a Providence County court house.

Act creating a commission to consider the advisability of building a new Washington bridge between Providence and East Providence and make a study of plans therefor.

Resolution creating a soldier welfare commission providing an appropriation of \$25,000 to assist honorably discharged service men.

Resolution creating a commission to consider revision of the workman's compensation law.

Act providing aid for dependent mothers and providing a \$50,000 appropriation for this work.

Act levying a three-cent highway tax, appropriating \$900,000 for road improvements, and accepting the provisions of the federal highway law.

Annual appropriation bill carrying a total of approximately \$5,000,000, after the Governor had vetoed a similar measure.

Bills which failed to pass: Resolution providing for abolition of the property qualification, redistricting of the state Senate, and other constitutional amendments.

Act providing for a 48-hour working week for women and children in the industries of the state.

Act providing for a textile fact-finding bill.

Act to provide for the reorganization of the state welfare commission.

Lemarr-Belhomme bill, so-called, providing for important amendments to the Peck educational law. Passed House; died in Senate committee.

ONLY A MOLEHILL.

(Pawtucket Times Independent.) The mountain has labored and brought forth a molehill. The Legislature has ended its protracted session with but little to show for its efforts. Partisans have battled for victory and have obtained almost nothing. Public interest has been trifled with and not much gained. Both parties have played for high stakes and the winnings are small.

The appropriation bill, which was the chief bone of contention and the liveliest issue, has been passed with but two slight changes. A few modifications in rules and methods affecting the construction of the appropriation bill in the future have been made but they might have been gained in less spectacular and aggravating ways by mutual agreement weeks ago. The whole session has been an illuminating exhibition of how a Legislature should not do the business of the state for the credit of the state and the benefit of the people.

The whole trouble has been due to lack of the proper public spirit in legislating for the public welfare. Whatever the Democrats gained of advantage to themselves was obtained by open defiance of regular rules and parliamentary methods for which the only excuse can be the principle that the end justifies the means which is particularly unsound and unsafe when practiced by a body whose duty it is to make and not break laws and rules.

It is unfortunate when legislative bodies conduct their affairs in such a manner that public sentiment when they adjourn is one of relief and satisfaction. That feeling is preeminently evident in connection with the close of this session of the Legislature of Rhode Island. There will also be general hope that the state will never have a repetition of this experience.

WHEN TO BUY COAL.

The tendency among coal buyers to put off purchasing next winter's supply has as its basis a feeling that coal will come down through the efforts of the United States Coal Commission. But the suggestions of the Commission cannot be acted upon by Congress before December and any relief this year from that quarter is out of the question.

This makes it imperative according to F. R. Wadleigh, Federal Fuel Distributor, that winter stocks for industrial or commercial use should be stored by September at the latest. Aside from the question of possible trouble in the coal industry the ability of the railroads to handle transportation of coal, if it is concentrated in the fall months, is seriously questioned by many observers.

The Fuel Administrator is not alone in warning householders and corporations to buy their coal now. The Department of Commerce and the Association of Railway Executives have already warned the public to the same effect. Their unanimity of opinion is a good sign that their advice is thoroughly sound.

Still tumbling; at last reports it took 90,000 German marks to buy one of Uncle Sam's dollars. Paper manufacturers and the printing presses must be working over time to supply the market with these German I. O. Us.

The graduating exercises in the public schools will take place next Friday, June 22nd.

RIVER STEAMER HAS NEW RIVAL IN "SEA SLED"

Colombia Plans to Use Motorboat in Commerce.

Washington. — The first extensive commercial adoption of the "sea sled" type of motorboat is announced by the Pan-American union as about to be made in the republic of Colombia, where boats of this type will be used to carry mails and passengers from the sea coast to near Bogota.

The former method of communication between the capital and Barranquilla, the seaport, was by slow river steamers which took about twelve days to make the 500-mile journey up the Magdalena river to the end of the railroad leading into Bogota. All rail communication is impracticable on account of the high mountains between the capital and the coast.

The sea sleds will make the trip in two days. The first to be tested, the "Luz," made 30 miles an hour with 10 passengers. The craft is 50 feet long, 12 feet beam and draws only 18 inches of water, making it possible to navigate the shallows of the river at all stages. Power is furnished by four six-cylinder, 220-horse power engines, using about 80 gallons of gasoline per hour. The boat has cabins fore and aft and is electrically lighted.

The new experiment in navigation is attracting much attention in South America because of the importance of the rivers there for that purpose and the difficulties formerly encountered because of shoal water. The West Coast Leader of Lima, Peru, says in a recent issue:

"This new development in commercial motorboat construction shows the possibilities of opening up a wide field along lines that have never before been attempted."

Veteran New England Square Rigged Vessel



The big steel bark Bogenda, built in New Bedford, Mass., state pier, under the first warm spring sun. A sight such as this is very rare.

The bark was engaged in the packet trade between Cape Verde Islands and New Bedford, until seized by the government after her last voyage because of carrying contraband liquor and dope. She was sold at auction under a government lien seeking customs penalties. She is a craft of 80 tons and was a former German boat.

False Teeth Choke Man Falling in River

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Charles E. Logan, marine engineer on the government steamboat Swan, was choked to death by his false teeth when he fell into the Monongahela river.

It had been thought Logan was drowned when he fell into the water while hurrying back to his boat from a visit to his four-year-old daughter. He had dreamed the child had been drowned and hurried home to learn the dream was false.

Grave Digger Finds 55 Snakes. Strattonville, Pa.—A nest of 55 garter snakes was dug up here by Frank Freeman and Anthony Richardson, Jr., while they were digging a grave in the Methodist cemetery. The grave diggers were down about four feet when the writhing mass of reptiles was unearthed.

Weekly Calendar JUNE 1923

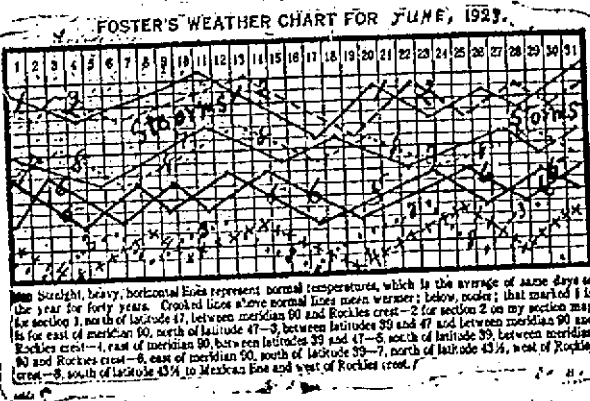
	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
19 Sat	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
20 Sun	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
21 Mon	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22 Tue	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
23 Wed	29	30	1	2	3	4	5
24 Thurs	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
25 Fri	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Last quarter, June 8th, 4.13 morning.
New moon, June 14th, 7.42 morning.
First quarter, June 21st, 3.48 evening.
Full moon, June 28th, 8.04 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, suddenly, 8th inst., Thomas Brice.
In this city, June 10, Anthony Integlia.
In this city, June 11, Jacob Stewitz.
In this city, June 11, 5th inst., Elizabeth P., widow of Nathaniel L. Champ.
In this city, June 12, Eliza Ellen Simmons in her 57th year.
In this city, June 13, Elizabeth A. Brownell, in her 63rd year.
In this city, 12th inst., John Wright, in his 58th year.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN



Washington, June 16, 1923.—Unusually severe storms and heavy local rains are expected in the valleys of the Mississippi drainage section during first half of July. Some damage may be expected to cotton but more to oats and other early harvest crops. Some parts of the Middle West will probably get threatening of hot winds. This will be the beginning of unusually rough crop-weather that will operate all thru July and August. For two months the storms, over all North America, will be so severe that the result to growing crops is only a guess. I am expecting some severe hailstorms in July and August. More rain than usual is expected on Pacific slope; diminishing moisture toward Atlantic coast.

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies' crest; lowest temperatures June 17 and 23, highest 20 and 26; average minus; moderate storms and rain.

Section 2: North of 47, east of 90; lowest temperatures June 19 and 25, highest 22 and 28; average minus; moderate storms and rain.

Section 3: Between 39 and 47, and between 90 and Rockies' crest; lowest temperatures June 17 and 26, highest 22; average plus; moderate storms and rain.

Section 4: East of 90, between latitudes 39 and 47; normal temperatures June 17, lowest 19 and 28, highest 25; average normal; moderate storms and rain.

Section 5: South of 39, west of 90; lowest temperatures June 17 and 26, highest 23; average minus; moderate storms and rain.

Section 6: South of 39, east of 90; normal temperatures June 17, lowest 19 and 26, highest 25; average minus; moderate storms and rain.

Section 7: North of 43 1/2, west of Rockies' crest; lowest temperatures June 15 and 22, highest 18 and 27; average minus; normal storms and rain.

Section 8: South of 43 1/2 to Mexican line, west of Rockies' crest; lowest temperatures June 17 and 23, highest 20 and 28; average minus; normal storms and rain.

I still expect fair average crops for North America but not in such great abundance as for last year.

small boarding houses. An item to this effect is said to have appeared in a well known evening paper published in the state. That this report is absolutely false is putting it mildly, for in reality the coming season on Block Island bids fair to be one of the largest in recent years and the transportation service will be the best in the history of the resort. Several new features for the amusement and entertainment of the guests have also been inaugurated at an expense of several thousands of dollars. It goes without saying that Block Island will be immensely popular this season.

Miss Ethel Salisbury has opened her cottage at Crescent Beach for the season.

The days have now nearly reached their limit. They are now 15 hours and 17 minutes long. The longest day in the year, which is next Wednesday, will be just two minutes longer. The sun rises today at 5:07 daylight time and sets at 8:24.

Senator La Follette is in a sanatorium in Michigan, he says for rest. The country at large hopes he will "rest" for a long time, so that the people can also have some little rest. As a perpetual disturber of rest commend us to the noisy Senator from Wisconsin.

They are going to build a twelve story hotel in Boston and rent rooms in it for one dollar a day. Such a hotel if run respectably will never lack for patronage. The projectors will also propose to furnish a room with bath for a dollar and a half.

Colonel A. A. Barker has arrived from Cuba to spend several weeks in Newport to attend the exercises in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Spanish American War.

Two new fire alarm boxes are now in service. No. 232 is located at Broadway and Collins street, and No. 522 on Thames street opposite Waite's wharf.

Rev. Saul Bailey has been elected rabbi of the Congregation Jeshua Israel for a term of three years.

Mrs. Lydia P. Hart observed her ninety-first birthday at her home on Warner street on Monday.

Service has been resumed for the summer on the Wickford Line.

Daily Sentence Sermon. Life is too short to worry over what is in the past.

According to a number of travelling salesmen who visited the Island the past week a rumor or report has been going about Providence, Pawtucket and Woonsocket that a large number of local hotels were not going to open this season, in fact this resort was to be practically closed save for a few cottages and

John Kelley, proprietor of the Dodge Inn has arrived on the Island for the season.

Joseph E. Costello has leased the Manisses Hotel and Annexes and will conduct this popular hostelry for the season.

Miss Betsey Littlefield, daughter of Senator and Mrs. J. Eugene Littlefield was graduated from Howard Seminary the past week.

Senator J. Eugene Littlefield will entertain the State Legislators at Block Island on Sunday July 8th.

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BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending June 9, 1923

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: Trading has been active enough in most lines to clean up supplies well considering the heavy receipts earlier in the week and the market is generally steady for everything except old potatoes which have gradually declined in price, closing at \$1.40 per cwt. compared to \$1.75 a week ago. Strawberries have been in lighter supply the last half of the week and prices are about 50 per cent higher, the best stock selling today at 25-25c with a few at 30c per quart. Pineapples have moved well and there is a firm tone to the market with prices ranging from \$3.00-4.25 per crate for Florida and Porto Rico pine at the end of the week. Egyptian onions are about \$1.00 per cwt. water, but heads and stems have declined slightly on account of heavier supplies. Watermelons are practically the same price as a week ago, sales ranging from 50-60c depending on the size of the melons. California cantaloupes are beginning to arrive and the first few cars have sold well.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS: Dressed poultry has been fairly steady this week and at the moment, demand is lacking and the movement is sluggish. Fresh broilers moving slowly around 40-50c; fresh fowl, 6 lbs., 20-30c; 4-5 lbs., 18-22c; 1-1/2 lbs., 15-18c. Live poultry barely steady with prices a trifle easier on fowl. Demand rather limited and trade is quiet. Poultry 21-23c; broilers 44-46c; stars and old roosters, 18-20c. Butter market opened Monday quiet but weakened on Tuesday with a marked decline, but as the week progressed, demand improved and at the moment, the market is firm with a good demand for 90 seconds or better for storage purposes. Extra (10) Northern extra, assorted sizes, 24-26c; 10-12c, 24-26c. Eggs: Market has been unsettled throughout the week and trade has been quiet. Some demand for finer grades both for immediate use and for storage purposes. Ordinary eggs are hard to move and are accumulating. Western extra, 30-32c; extra Florida, 26 1/2-28c; Firsts, 24 1/2-26c; Seconds, 21-24c. Storage packed extra Florida, 27 1/2-30c. Storage packed Florida 26-27c.

Y. M. C. A. of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will take part in a big special athletic meet to be held on the athletic field of the Newton "Y" on Saturday, June 23, at 1.30 P. M. Entries will close with John Waters at the Cambridge "Y" on or before Monday, June 18. The events will be 100, 220, 440 and 880-yard dashes, mile run, running broad jump, running high jump, shot put and mile relay race. Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded to the winners in each event, and medals to the winning team in the relay race.

Conrad W. Crooker's Liberal Republican League, which tried so hard to defeat Senator Lodge last fall, has gone out of business. Under a law which went into effect at that hour, no organization may use the name of a major political party, without proper authorization from the duly elected state committees of the party, and there is little likelihood that the Republican state committee will extend the hand of good fellowship to the Crooker organization. If the Liberal Republican League continues its activities, its officers run the risk of prosecution by the attorney-general.

The total number of federal income tax returns filed by individuals throughout the United States reporting incomes for the calendar year ended Dec. 31, 1921, was 6,662,176. The net income amounted to \$19,577,212.52 and the tax (normal tax and surtax) was \$719,387,105.

For the state of New Hampshire the number of returns was 22,410 which reported net income amounting to \$22,352,490 and tax (normal tax and surtax) \$1,759,290.

For the state of New Hampshire the falling off in the number of returns was 3673 or 1.63 per cent, the reduction in the total net income amounted to \$18,079,043 or 18 per cent, and the decrease in tax (normal and surtax) was \$961,503 or 35.34 per cent.

Thirty-one physicians licensed to practice medicine in Connecticut have been required by the state health department to return the license issued to them, on the ground that they are illegal. They will not be permitted to continue to practice in the state. All of the doctors disqualified were illegally examined by the state ecletic medical examining board, according to an opinion given by Atty.-Gen. Heahy.

A decline in the birth rate and a slight increase in the death rate in 1922 is shown in provisionally census bureau figures for the year by the department of commerce. For the 48 states reporting birth figures, the rate for 1922 was 22.7 for each 1000 of population, against a rate of 24.4 for 1921. For 33 states the death rate last year was 11.9, against 11.6 for 1921. North Carolina reported its highest birth rate, 30.3, while a rate of 18 for the state of Washington was the lowest.

Death rates in the 33 states ranged from 14.7 for Maine to 3.1 for Idaho.

Protesting that the savings recently effected on state printing by the Massachusetts commission on administration and finance were made at the sacrifice of union principles, the Boston Allied Printing Trades Council, at a meeting, voted to send a delegate to the state branch of the American Federation of Labor to introduce a resolution calling for the awarding of all Massachusetts state printing to union printers only. The council also instructed its secretary, Daniel I. McDonald, to prepare a bill to this effect to be introduced in the state Legislature.

Only Visible Greatness. Man is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer of nothing so grand or tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is at the small end of the telescope, the star that is looking at looked after no looked at.—Theodore Parker.

FRANCE KEEPS AFTER GERMANY

We have to keep at it also to have the people know that we are head quarters for

Kitchen Furnishings

This is our largest department at this season.

Tinware, Enamelware, Woodware, Brushes, etc.

Crockery and Glassware

Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, Bureaus and Wicks at Right Prices.

JOHN ROSE & CO.,

Main Street, Block Island

DR. F. E. BREITHUT

He is Investigating the German Chemical Industry



Dr. Frederick E. Breithut of New York City who has been selected by the Department of Commerce to make an exhaustive study of the chemical industry of Germany, and to report his findings for the benefit of American manufacturers.

LOSS OF PATENTS AND MUSCLE SHOALS

Left With \$100,000,000 Project Idle Because the Foundation Refused Unrestricted Use.

Wilmington, Del.—Declaring Muscle Shoals stands idle because the Chemical Foundation refused the Government unrestricted license to manufacture nitrates there under seized German patents the Government tried to show that the army also had difficulty in obtaining concessions for patents and munitions of war.

Attorneys for the Foundation, fighting the suit President Harding has instituted for recovery of the German patents, vigorously denied they had crippled Muscle Shoals. They contended, on the contrary, they had done all in their power to assist in its development.

Frank L. Polk, Under Secretary of State, who acted for Mr. Wilson in approving the sale of seized German patents to the Foundation, was a witness to clear points which were bitterly disputed. One concerns the so-called Haber patents, under which nitrates are taken from the air.

It was this process, according to Assistant United States Attorney Anderson, that the War Department was anxious to buy outright for considerably more than the \$250,000 the Foundation expended for all the 4,800 German patents it now controls and for the use of which it issues non-exclusive licenses.

Just at the moment when the Foundation took over the German patents, argued the Government attorneys, the War Department, acting under orders from President Wilson, was at the point of acquiring the Haber patent for a very considerable sum.

Isador Kresel, counsel for the Foundation, vehemently objected when this allegation was put on the record.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

PHILADELPHIA.—Broad Street Station, P. R. R., fire loss \$2,000,000.

LONDON.—A Vienna dispatch reports that ex-Premier Stamboulsky of Bulgaria has been captured by the revolutionists.

DORTMUND.—Five Germans were killed by French troops here for violation of the state of siege provision forbidding civilians to be on the streets after dark.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont.—The first vote in the Presbyterian General Assembly on the issue of church union resulted as follows: For union, 426; against union, 134.

PARIS.—Pierre Loti, French novelist dies.

SOFIA.—Bulgarian military revolution viewed as victory for Fascist nationalist spirit.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Jail terms of a day per mile for automobile speeders after July 1 are promulgated by Clerk Everett D. Higgins, acting justice in the absence of Judge Champlin.

MOSCOW.—United States Senator Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa, has arrived here from Germany with other notable Americans. He will devote some time to study of the Russian situation.

PARIS.—France fears "hard times" as crop outlook grows worse, it is reported.

BERLIN.—Germany looks for continued decline of mark whether reparation question is settled or not.

NEW YORK.—General Wood wins Roosevelt Memorial Medal for national defense; Miss Louisa Schuyler and Henry Fairfield Osborn were also honored.

LONDON.—The financial element favors acceptance of latest German offer, and does not anticipate the cancellation of other French or Italian war debts.

The hands of the clock in the steeple of the First Congregational Church, New Britain, Ct., were removed by order of the ecclesiastical society of the church, which decided on this method of avoiding confusion arising from the state law forbidding the display of any but standard time on public clocks.

LASKER FOR U. S. MERCHANT SHIPS

Shipping Board Chairman Sees Scant Prospect of Profitable Sale of Its Vessels.

WOULD KEEP BEST OF FLEET

Advises That These Vessels Be Re-fitted With Diesel Engines—Deficit Has Been Cut From \$16,000,000 to \$4,000,000 a Month.

Washington.—Creation of eighteen subsidiary corporations, each to control one of the consolidated routes, was recommended to President Harding by Albert D. Lasker, retiring chairman of the Shipping Board, as the basis of Government operation of the Federal merchant marine in case the effort to transfer the ships to private operation finally fails. The Government must assume complete control, Mr. Lasker declared, the system of operation agents having proved in his opinion a "vicious one," resulting in the placing of its "terminal facilities and the good will of its lines" in outside hands. Mr. Lasker tendered his resignation, effective June 12.

"Government operation, however," Mr. Lasker continued in the letter to the President, which was drawn in the form of a final report, "should always be with a view to ultimate sale to private owners."

"In the event of the adoption of this plan," Mr. Lasker said, "these corporations will have the Fleet Corporation as the parent body controlling the general policies of its subsidiaries and the responsibility for their operating results in the separate entities. The subsidiary corporations will control the good will and terminal facilities of their respective routes, and will thus possess assets of steadily increasing value, the property of the Government."

"In this light, while of course the officers and men of the directors of the subsidiary corporations should be practical shipping men who devote all their time to the enterprise, there should be invited on the respective boards in each locality citizens of eminence who would thus give a local interest to each undertaking. The twelve to eighteen routes indicated will require, to begin with, about 250 ships, replacing almost 100 ships now in these services, and these 250 ships will represent approximately 2,000,000 deadweight tons."

"After allowing these 250 bottoms for this service we will still have on hand a little more than twelve hundred surplus steel ships. The first comprehensive survey to be made of the fleet is now practically completed, and it will undoubtedly prove that several hundred of these vessels, built for war purposes, are inoperable under peace conditions."

"Until the disposal of this tonnage is settled the world's shipping industry will be disturbed, and the worst effects of this disturbance will be felt by our own marine interests. We should, therefore, at once accept the inevitable and break up these units. Of the nine hundred to one thousand remaining I recommend that approximately two hundred, representing approximately 1,750,000 deadweight tons, be selected as a reserve to be employed in highly competitive routes if, and when, foreign owners actively oppose the expansion of our marine activities."

The ships required for the operation of the twelve to eighteen corporations mentioned, together with the reserve I have just indicated and supplemented by our coastwise carrying capacity of 3,750,000 deadweight tons already in existence, would provide this country with an aggregate merchant marine of approximately 7,500,000 deadweight tons, a nucleus for a balanced merchant marine, for service in peace and war, and would place it in the second position among the maritime powers."

As evidence of the improvement brought about in two years Mr. Lasker cited the reduction in the deficit from \$16,000,000 to \$4,000,000 a month, due to the decrease in the number of ships in operation without a corresponding diminution in service.

INDUSTRIAL COURT CURBED

Not Allowed to Curtail Rights of Employer and Employee.

Washington.—The teeth were drawn out of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations by the United States Supreme Court, which ruled that the act creating the Kansas tribunal so far as it permits fixing of wages of workers of the plaintiff, a packing concern, is in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution and deprives the company of its property and freedom of contract.

\$25,000 IN LIQUOR SEIZED

Fishing Power Cruiser Nunziata Boarded at Sea Isle City.

Atlantic City.—The fishing power cruiser Nunziata of Sea Isle City, with a cargo of approximately 400 cases of champagne, cordials, whiskies and a crew of four men, was seized by customs house officials as she attempted to land her alcoholic cargo at an inlet near here.

The liquors, valued at \$25,000, were sealed up, and warrants were asked for the crew of the vessel.

LI-Gov. Alvan T. Fuller will not have to pay a verdict of \$1 which Judge Nelson P. Brown of the Superior Court instructed a jury to render in favor of Joseph E. Warner, after the jury had failed to agree in the \$100,000 suit brought by Mr. Warner against Mr. Fuller. The case was tried at Taunton.

MRS. M. CAMPBELL

Follows Peculiar Occupation as a Regular Thing



Mrs. Margaret Campbell of New York, the only woman who is engaged in deep sea salvage operations as a regular business.

OVER QUOTA 100 MILLION IN U. S.

American Share Snapped Up After First 15 Minutes; Investors Besiege Morgan.

New York.—With subscriptions in hand of between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000, J. P. Morgan & Co. announced that no more orders would be accepted for the \$25,000,000 Austrian government twenty-year 7 per cent bond issue, representing the American share of the international loan to Austria. The opinion was expressed that had their action been delayed another half hour the applications which were literally swamping the Morgan forces would have carried the aggregate above \$125,000,000, which was the total amount of the entire loan, distributed in eight countries in addition to the United States.

The interest which the loan aroused in the small investor—and all the evidence indicated that it had been taken by the rank and file rather than by the men of wealth—was strikingly demonstrated by the appearance at the Morgan offices of fifty or sixty persons who wanted to buy bonds in denominations ranging from \$100 to \$500. The Morgan firm ranks as a "house of issue," that is to say, it does a wholesale rather than a retail bond business, and, according to a partner, never in its experience had it met with an over-the-counter demand of this character.

Most of the orders which came in by telegraph, mail and telephone to the Morgan offices were from bond dealers and investment houses, so that they furnished little information as to the size of home-made investment purchases. They did reveal in their widespread sources, however, that the loan was a national, not merely a local success. A fair volume of business originated in sections rarely heard from on a financial deal handled from New York. Thus, orders came from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, from the Southern States and from usually unresponsive districts in the West.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

United States refuses to relax regulations covering liquor on foreign vessels, despite French protest; Britain talks of retaliatory measures; reported foreign crews are getting liquor here, despite sealing of stores.

Robert E. Tod, Immigration Commissioner at New York, resigns, and Major Henry Curran is slated for place.

Treasury officials reiterate the view that they anticipate no difficulty with foreign governments over enforcement of ship liquor regulations.

President Harding not to call another naval conference.

Armed preparedness upheld by conference on religious and moral training for soldiers.

President Harding urges rigid economy in the government.

United Mine Workers' Union calls on the Coal Commission for nationalization of Pennsylvania anthracite mines.

The Tariff Commission's investigators are in Europe, South America and Cuba investigating the difference in the production costs at home and abroad.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes, in reporting on two years of enforcement, says progress is being made. Administration officials look to Congress to help out foreign governments on features of the ship liquor law now in force which clash with foreign regulations. The effect of enforcement is expected to injure American commerce.

The Treasury, concluding the financing scheme for a short-dated debt, announces the offering of \$150,000,000 six months 4 per cent Treasury certificates.

One student was fined \$5 and two others were discharged in the New Haven, Ct., court as the aftermath of a near-riot in which 500 students took part, engaging the attention and services of 60 policemen. The "riot" was staged as a celebration of the official reception into the ranks of sophomores of the "freshies."

PLAN NEW ARMS CONFERENCE

Leading U. S. Senators Realize Meaning of New Armament Race Now Under Way.

INHUMANE WARFARE IMPENDS

See Need to Outlaw Undersea, Air Bomb and Poison, Gas Warfare. Harding and Hughes Willing to Call the Nations Again.

Washington.—Prominent Senators expressed the opinion that the United States should take the lead in calling another conference similar to the Washington arms conference to consider the question of outlawing submarines, bombing planes and poison gas in warfare. They said the British plan to spend enough money in building up undersea and air forces and a great naval base at Singapore means that the race for armament is on again in earnest.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, who originated the plan for the first conference, now thinks that the United States should move again to stop the race. Senator Curtis, of Kansas, Republican whip, said the President should "feel out" the other nations. Senator Harold, of Oklahoma, doubts that the nations will agree to outlaw the weapons in question, but believes another conference would do much good in limiting their scope.

President Harding does not think the time is yet ripe for another arms conference. It was officially stated at the White House that he believes there is no reason for concern at present but is open minded on the question of a conference later.

It was announced that if another conference should become necessary President Harding would call it.

Secretary Hughes also is holding back on the suggestion. He thinks the other nations would not welcome an invitation to another conference at this time and that it would be useless for the United States to act now.

But many Senators took a different view. They have the greatest praise for the Washington conference, but insist that more must be done along the same line if the work of that epoch making gathering is not to be allowed to go for naught.

Senators Borah, Curtis and Harold strongly recommend another conference on submarines, aircraft and poison gas.

Officials of the State Department take the position that there is little or no change in the attitude of governments toward the question of limiting armaments in the period that has intervened since the Washington conference. They feel that the powers, particularly France, which opposed the placing of a limit on submarines then in all probability would take the same position now. It is pointed out in the same connection that sentiment developed at the conference on aircraft and radio indicated strong opposition to further curtailment along these lines.

Another reason why the administration, although in sympathy with all programs for curtailment, feels that the time is not yet ripe for action is that until the treaties formulated at the Washington conference are ratified by all the powers a new drive would be premature.

It is to be distinctly understood that President Harding as well as Secretary Hughes is entirely in sympathy with any new steps that could conceivably further the progress of arms limitation. The only doubt they have is on the question of feasibility at this time.

While the attitude of governments have not changed to any appreciable extent, it is admitted that popular sentiment has materially strengthened in favor of further curtailment. In this connection it was pointed out that the recent Pan-American conference clearly proved that popular sentiment was far ahead of governmental policy. With regard to submarines and poison gas, it was shown that opposition came particularly from the smaller countries, which feel that these constitute the defenses of the weak. Bolivia opposed the resolution endorsing the Washington conference on poison gas.

The time-worn and moth-eaten handkerchief game has claimed another victim, this one to the tune of \$6,000. At least this is the amount John Bouch of 315 Millbury street, Worcester, Mass., says he lost by putting too much confidence in two strangers.

CUTICURA HEALS SORE PIMPLES

All Over Face and Back. Large and Red. Could Not Sleep at Night.

"I had a breaking out of pimples all over my face and back. They were large and red and festered over. They were so sore and itchy that I could not sleep at night. I could not go anywhere because they showed up so badly. I tried all kinds of remedies but none did any good. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped me, and after using one cake of Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Gilmore, Pleasant St., Rockville, Mass., Sept. 9, 1921.

Improve your skin by daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, 123 Maiden St., Boston, Mass. Send 21c for Soap, 21c for Ointment and 21c for Talcum.

Cuticura Soap shaves without hurt.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

Interest begins Saturday, July 21, 1923

DIVIDENDS 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

DEPOSIT NOW

PLAN TODAY FOR TOMORROW

The prudent person does not wait until tomorrow comes before making preparation for it—but plans for it today.

Why longer delay a bank account? Open it now with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled
Attached to
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION
All Goods are Pure Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest From the Six States

But one individual in Massachusetts had a net income of more than \$750,000 in 1921, while five had incomes of more than \$500,000, according to table of income tax figures for that year issued by Collector of Internal Revenue Nichols.

Three revenue officers and a cordon of railroad police stood guard over the remains of a dwelling house at 222 Spring street, Springfield, Mass., wrecked by a string of freight cars which ran away. Surrounded by the officers, 37 barrels and 240 bottles of high-grade Italian wine remained intact, but out of reach of the federal officers, who were afraid that removal of the contraband will cause the telescoped dwelling to tumble on them.

Dr. George F. Warren of Cornell University, an authority on farm management, declared, when speaking at the fourth annual commencement of the two year short course graduating exercises at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, that farming is a much more stable occupation than most city work. There is practically no chance to make a large fortune he said, but utter failure is less likely. He advised the graduates to buy farms now, for the city once again is attracting country dwellers. He said that although farm occupation is least attractive just now, it will not always be so.

A fight to a finish on the measure to limit the hours of labor of women and minors in manufacturing, mercantile and mechanical establishments and a campaign to make the organization bigger and better were the outstanding recommendations of A. F. Eagles of Portland, president, at the opening session of the 30th annual convention of the Maine federation in Augusta. The report of Secretary Harry B. Brown shows that there are 92 local unions in the state with a membership of between 13,000 and 14,000.

Artificial lightning of 2,000,000 volts, twice the voltage ever before produced in any experimental laboratory in the country and 10 times greater than the highest voltage transmission line, was produced in the high voltage engineering laboratory of the General Electric Co., Pittsfield, Mass. It was the first public demonstration of artificial lightning in history.

William Whiting Nolen, for many years famous as a tutor at Harvard, and known to thousands of students as "Widow" Nolen, died after two years of suffering from ill health. Educated at Harvard, with degrees of A. B., A. M., and LL. D., obtained in 1884 and 1893 respectively, he labored for more than 35 years in preparing students for their examinations. His classes have been attended by many men who have since made their names widely known.

An attempt to breathe life into a petition calling for the repeal of Connecticut laws concerning enforcement of prohibition failed, when the House referred the matter to the next General Assembly. A joint resolution was introduced in the Senate directing the Judiciary Committee, which has thus far ignored the bill, to make a report. The Senate passed the resolution by a vote of 18 to 7, but it met a speedy death in the House when it was tabled for 1923.

BANK LOOTERS SENTENCED

Baird, Cashier, and Boll, Assistant Cashier, Get Long Terms.
York, Pa.—Thomas B. Baird, defaulting cashier of the City Bank, was sentenced to serve twenty to twenty-two years in the penitentiary, and William H. Boll, assistant cashier, was sentenced to fifteen to twenty years' imprisonment by Judge Wanner in the York County Court, after they admitted embezzling more than \$1,000,000. The bank closed in April. Baird was fined \$20,000 and Boll \$8,000.

FIRE DESTROYS PENN. STATION

Roof of Great Train Shed in Philadelphia Collapses.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania railroad was completely destroyed by fire. The blaze started under a wooden platform in the rear of the train shed and quickly spread to the main structure. The loss is estimated at from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000. A locomotive and four coaches crashed through the floor to the ground. The roof of the shed collapsed about the same time.

Jeremiah Decides to Be Married

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jeremiah Higby never forgot the day when he stood in the doorway of his store and saw Lucy Bray come down the front walk of her home and enter the rickety old station bus. Lashed to one of the battered running boards of the ancient blower were Lucy's trunks, two of them, and there was something very set about the way Lucy carried her head, looking neither to the right nor left.

A lump came into Jeremiah's throat. Lucy Bray was going to the Old Ladies' home at Bushwood.

The blower rattled away down the dusty street, and Jeremiah stared at the closed front door of the Bray homestead. All the wooden shutters were fastened tightly, and after the gate clanged behind Lucy an air of desolation seemed to settle over everything. He wondered what Lucy had done with Betsy, her black cat—if they didn't allow pets in the "home," surely Lucy would be very lonesome!

A woman came down the street; she was quite young, with a full, colorful face and an air of bustling energy. It was Mrs. Will Bray, Lucy's nephew's wife. She went into the yard and around the house to the back door. In a few moments she was back again trying the front door; then she took out a bunch of keys and tried to fit the lock of the door. After awhile she ceased her efforts and crossed the street to Jeremiah's store.

"Morning, Jeremiah," she panted heavily. "I want some letter paper—there, that will do, and a bottle of ink."

"What's the news, Eva?" asked Jeremiah, lifting cloudy blue eyes.

"Nothing newer than Aunt Lucy's made up her mind to be sensible, and has gone to the Old Ladies' home."

"She's a young woman to be going there," offered Jeremiah.

"She will be happier," said Eva glibly. "She doesn't need that great house, living all alone—Will wanted her to rent it to us; we need more room with all our children—but Aunt Lucy's selfish. We persuaded her to go to Bushwood but she is obstinate about making room for us in the house. Perhaps she will change her mind."

Jeremiah softly beat his hand on the edge of the counter. His eyes were scanning the lazy village street that dipped down and down until it ran off the dock right into the bay. His thoughts were spanning the years—how often he had opened the old brown gate across the street! How often he had sat in the deep old porch—and smelled the roses and the box—and touched Lucy's hand! But all those sweet old days were buried in a most unhappy misunderstanding. They had drifted apart; neither had married, and to think of each other was like lifting the cover of an old rose jar and inhaling the perfume of faded roses.

Love had been so near to them in those days!

Jeremiah's good-looking face flushed and suddenly his lower jaw stiffened. His chin shot out as if it used to do when he was a boy at school.

"He didn't like Eva Bray," "Of course Lucy'll be home again in a few weeks, after she's rested up a little," he vouchsafed.

"What do you mean?" snapped Eva.

"I mean she's just going to the 'home' for a rest cure," lied Mr. Higby.

"She's paying for a life residence," panted Mrs. Bray.

Jeremiah nodded affably. "Well, when she wants to give it to some needy friend—It's a wilder's home, too, and some day there might come need for it in the family—you might want it yourself, Mrs. Bray."

"You are crazy," accused Eva, lumbering toward the door. "What do you mean telling such tales about my Aunt Lucy?"

Jeremiah lifted level eyes to Eva's snapping black orbs. "I just mean that you and Will ought to be ashamed of yourselves, talking your Aunt Lucy into going to the 'home.' You want her home—you won't get it—no, ma'am!"

"Why?"

"Lucy's going to marry me—we're going to live there. You helped her clean house, didn't you, Eva? That was real kind of you. I'll give you Aunt Lucy your love when I see her tonight!"

"Rubb! I don't believe a word you say, Jeremiah Higby," and Eva trotted indignantly away toward home.

"I wish it was true," groaned Jeremiah to himself, as he realized how much he was going to miss Lucy's sweet presence in the village—her diffident smile, her soft word of greeting.

Suddenly all his baffled desires found vent in one explosive idea. "I'll make it come true," declared Jeremiah, and being a man of energy he went to his room over the store and arrayed himself in his best clothes. His clerks were busy as he passed through the store on his way out, but they winked at each other as he went around to the small garage where he kept his car.

"Courting, eh, Sam?"

"Fetch!" grinned the other.

The "home" reared its picturesque walls above a high hedge that ran along the road for half a mile. Jeremiah's runabout turned into the wide gateway, and at the same moment he saw Lucy's slight form walking slowly across the lawn. Leaving his car, he followed, reaching her side as she stopped to gaze at a bed of old-fashioned flowers.

"Hello, Lucy Bray," he said in a husky tone.

She turned with a glad smile, and

he saw that her eyes were full of unshed tears. "There ought to be a rainbow," muttered Jeremiah, as he swung her hands. He forgot to let them go, and she clung to him.

"See here, Lucy, your niece Eva came to the store today—and I told her you were only here for a visit, and that you were coming out as soon as you got rested. I told her that we're going to be married and live in your house."

"Oh, Jeremiah!"

"I said you were going to give this room at the 'home' to some needy old lady—what about Susan Potter? Now, after telling all this, we've got to make it come true, Lucy. Shall I come after you tomorrow morning, and you drive to the parson's with me?"

Lucy blushing pondered. Jeremiah forgot the twenty-five wasted years. At last she spoke softly. "I'd rather be married from my own home, Jeremiah. It is more fitting!"

So it happened that late that afternoon Lucy Bray and her trunks were set down at her front gate, and Lucy passed through between the great fragrant syringa bushes that seemed to shower bridal blossoms on her pretty head.

"That's one way to make your dreams come true," reflected Jeremiah as he turned the key in the front door that was, after all, the gate to their delayed happiness.

SOUNDS SEEN IN MOVEMENT

Scientists Explain Incident Noticed During One of the Big Battles of the World War.

During one of the big battles of the war the sounds of the terrific cannonading in progress were seen moving across the sky. Great parallel arcs of light and shade were viewed passing swiftly across the clouds, not by one person only, but by all the members of a battery of artillery. These bands moved with the exact speed of sound waves—at the rate of a mile in five seconds—and the space between the bands was larger for the big guns than for the small.

This strange sight lasted for about ten minutes, and appears to have depended upon the relative positions of the observers, the guns, and the sun.

It is common knowledge that sound is caused by waves in gases, liquids or solids. In a vacuum—an empty space—sound does not exist. If you could fire a twelve-inch gun from the top of Mount Everest, the sound would be but feeble. Could you carry it much higher, its discharge would be inaudible.

There are rays of light which the eye cannot see, and there are sound waves which the human ear cannot catch.

Ask yourself if you can hear the cry of a bat. Any person who, at the age of forty, is able to hear the thin squeak of the bat, has reason to congratulate himself on being possessed of exceptionally good hearing. The squeak is too high—it has too many vibrations per second to be heard by any ear that is not very delicate.

Some years ago Professor Galton, the famous anthropologist, invented and constructed a whistle which, by means of an adjustable plug, could be rendered so shrill that presently it ceased to be heard by human ears.

But—here is the curious part of it—after the sound of the whistle had ceased to be audible to any human ear, a dog was still able to hear it, and came readily when it was blown.

Animals and birds hear far better than man. It was noticed during the war that pheasants in coverts were disturbed by the noise of guns at sea, when even children (whose hearing is quicker than that of older folk) could hear nothing at all.

Sound travels better across water than across land. By actual experiment it has been found that across water a person could be distinctly heard, reading aloud, at a distance of 140 feet, whereas on land the same voice only traveled 70 feet.

Across ice, too, and particularly in hard frost, sound travels amazingly. Lieutenant Foster, on an Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with another man quite easily across the mouth of a bay which was a mile and a quarter wide.

Perfect silence is far rarer than most persons imagine. Even in the quietest room in the depth of the country, on the calmest night, there are always sounds. Absolute silence is only found in deep caves and abandoned mines, and is a really terrifying phenomenon.

It makes the ear ache in a desperate effort to catch some sound, however tiny. In such a place the beating of one's own heart and the rush of blood through the arteries will become perceptible.—Exchange.

Pride Takes a Fall.

One warm summer day I dressed in my best and went to the public library. It was crowded, and I felt proud to my new garments.

Finding an interesting book, I sat in front of a bookcase to read, then left for a few moments and returned and sat down where I thought the chair was.

Hurriedly I checked the bookcase to save myself from sitting on the floor. The titers of a group of youngsters reached my ears. I rose and left the building. It was some time before I returned.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy to Translate That.

Some alleged prehistoric writing has been found in California. Probably one of the early native sons boasting about the weather.—Detroit Free Press.

Rats Average Slain Kin.

A cat in the G-Station home at Liverpool, England, killed a huge rat. The next night seven rats came and killed the cat.

The Vital Difference.

Woman sees deep; man sees far. To the man the world is his heart; to the woman the heart is her world.—Crabbe.

FORGET THE PAST

Little Good in Going Back Along the Lanes of Memory.

Wisdom Is Locking the Door Against the Thoughts of the Days That Have Gone.

A good title for this article would have been "No Thoroughfare," because I want you, of your own will, to erect that notice at the entrance to certain tracks which lie behind you, and which, if you are tempted to turn back and enter them, will take you to the past.

With perhaps here and there a rare exception, the past is best left alone, declares a London Answers writer. It saddens, it ages, and it is apt to make one dangerously morbid.

The other week I took it into my head to spend a couple of days in the old university city where I was educated. I wish I had not, for I feel—and possibly look—ten years older.

I have had it seared into me that my youth lies a long, long way back. The knowledge has done me no good. It has depressed me.

I went to my old college. The dean was dead. The "gyp" who had been assigned to my rooms was dead. The porter I had known was dead. My coach—a brilliant scholar, and only a year or so older than myself—had been dead many years.

It seemed that all the men of my generation had gone.

The sun was shining brightly, but I shivered. I felt old.

I went down to the river, and there, if anywhere, memories should have been happy ones. But they were not. All that came to me was a headache.

I had lived my life, and I was getting old. Some strange psychological change took place in me. I found it hard to describe, but I know it lowered my vitality.

Is it not wiser to leave the past alone?

A friend of mine has never married because the girl to whom he was engaged died on the eve of the wedding day. Now and again he takes her yellowing letters from the secret drawer in his desk and reads them.

I know now why he looks sad and aged and morbid, although he is still in early middle age. They bring depressing memories. They make him feel that life is empty.

Those lanes in memory which lead to the past should be closed, and labeled: "No Thoroughfare."

If you want to live to a good old age, you need to drift into it quietly and without. In a way, realizing it. These journeys back along the lanes of memory—as in my case—to places that hold memories, are bad for us.

For one thing, all emotions take their toll of vitality. For another, we shall live less long if it is forced upon us that we have already lived a long time.

We make fearful mental estimates of our expectation of life, and we pass out, as a consequence, many years before we should.

Let the past alone. The further you have to go back to it the farther you have traveled. That thought invariably intrudes, and it hurts. Let the past alone. Live for the present, and do not measure the future by memories of the past.

Again—let the past alone. Forget it. It is wisest.

Sherlock Holmes Is Real.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle receives a large number of letters addressed in his care, to Sherlock Holmes, who is supposed by many people to be a real personage. Some thank the great detective of fiction for the pleasure he has given them by relating his adventures. Others express regret that he has the morphia habit and suggest various cures. A musician, impressed by Sherlock's skill as a violinist, wished to present him with a valuable violin.

Speaking of his famous character, Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur said, according to the Detroit News: "I was looking the other day at a sheet of paper, kept since 1887, on which I had scribbled 'Sherringford Holmes' and 'Sherringford Hope,' with all sorts of other combinations, until at last I thought of 'Sherlock Holmes,' which I immediately adopted."

Dr. Joseph Bell, a distinguished Scottish surgeon, reputed to be the original Sherlock Holmes, died, some years ago.

Had Faith in Doctor.

The Sunday school lesson was on Job. The superintendent was endeavoring to picture the painful existence of Job to his youthful audience. To this end he was dwelling at length upon poor Job's sufferings and the futility of medical treatment.

A small boy who had been absorbed in the tale held up his hand.

"What is it, Willie?" asked the superintendent.

"Have they tried Doctor Smith?" asked Willie, naming the family physician.

Unprintable.

Willie wanted to play ball with the other boys, but his mother wanted him to carry in some wood—in fact, was quite decided that he should. Willie demurred, but mother prevailed. The final scene was stormy, and as Willie came out of the woodshed he danced with wrath.

"Damn! Damn!" he cried. "If I had a moving picture of the way I feel I'd never get by the censors."

Japs Importing Artificial Silk.

Yokohama, Japan.—While Japan is the largest exporter of natural silk, she is importing artificial silk for her own purposes. Last year 194,000 pounds of this commodity was brought to this country from England, France and Switzerland.

COUNTRY OF VAST WEALTH

Peru Offers Practically Unlimited Possibilities to the Colonist Who Will Take a Chance.

The immense unknown of northern Peru, where the light of civilization burns in one spot, Ignitio, would need the volumes which science must day write to do its wonder justice, declares a bulletin of the Pan-American Union. The forests of the Montana, however, somewhat better known, will form, when the railway one day traverses it and the colonist takes possession, a region whose agricultural yield in all kinds will be increased a hundred fold. Situated some 4,500 feet above the sea level, with a natural system of river irrigation and an equable climate, this splendid domain is provided by nature with all the attributes that conduce to the happiness and profit of the pioneer and the capitalist.

Of the forest productions of the Montana there are 11 different kinds of textile plants, cotton heading the list; 11 other plants—rattans—are used in making of light furniture, mats, baskets, etc.

There are 12 different trees whose bark, punctured, exudes a stream of milk, such milk being either rubber milk, milk of allied rubber species or milk whose quality is that of the richest cream and equally nourishing to human beings.

The dye producing plants are seven, while 18 others are used in medicine; 80 other plants are sources of oil, resin or balsam and 15 others produce the finest perfumes.

Of the multitude of trees 40 kinds are utilized and there are leagues and leagues of mahogany and cedar.

Justice cannot be done to these fine trees in a sentence, for they are of all kinds, many of them 150 feet and upward in height and from five to ten and even 12 feet in diameter.

Of fruit trees—and their fruit is most delicious—some 30 kinds are in use, including the famous Pan de Arbol, or breadfruit. We have mentioned but a few of the forest productions—those which are known. We cannot speak of the hundreds of unknown plants which grow in such amazing abundance.

It has been the misfortune of Peru that for want of transport and capital the boundless riches of the Montana, a solid reality, produce neither profit for Peru nor profit for the foreign investor. But let it not be forgotten that the healthful slopes of this favored Montana country can give homes and happiness to 50,000,000 settlers.

Telephones in Sweden.

Anyone wishing to make a long distance telephone call in Sweden has the choice of three classes of service, his selection usually being determined by how much in a hurry he is to have his call put through by the operator. The first class comprises the usual long distance call, which can be made at ordinary rates. Frequently the traffic congestion over the telephone circuits is so great that a considerable delay is involved. In that case he can make the call at the so-called "urgent" or "express" rate, which is three times the ordinary rate, and which has priority over all ordinary rate calls. It sometimes happens, however, that even this "express" service is unsatisfactory, and as a last resort the telephone caller may receive a so-called "lightning" service, which has absolute priority above all ordinary and express traffic. For each call of this class he must pay 100 kronor (\$23.50 per value) in addition to the sum of three times the ordinary rate.

Unique Memorial Planned.

We contribute to all kinds of enterprises and memorials, so we are not surprised to hear of a revival of a plan to erect a memorial lighthouse in honor of Christopher Columbus, says the Scientific American. The project to erect a Columbus lighthouse memorial in Santo Domingo, where many historians contend, the remains of Columbus lie, is not a new one. It originated before the World war, but was temporarily abandoned during the conflict. As previously announced, the memorial would take the form of a massive tomb, its exterior patterned after the lines of Grant's tomb in New York. On the top of the tomb would be a beacon tower about 900 feet high, in the top of which would be a great light as an aid to navigation.

Eliminates Mechanician.

The first American one-man racing car has been completed, and it is predicted that the mechanician, who has always been the second member of the racing crew, will soon make his farewell bow to the public, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. This new car, which is about 400 pounds lighter than other American racers, has a piston displacement of only 122 cubic inches. It is four inches shorter, and four inches narrower than usual. The body is constructed along airplane lines, and although no attempt was made to forego it, the car made 110 miles an hour in a recent trial.

That Kindly Feeling!

The war profiteer was enjoying a seat in a crowded street car when the remnants of a doughboy hobbled in and took his stand in the aisle.

Realizing that the occasion called for some display of courtesy, the seated gentleman reached out, buttoned the other and whispered: "Stick around, old fellow. I'll be getting off in seven more blocks."

Both Suited.

Miss Millynn—My husband must be a gentleman of leisure.

Young Jaqueline—Then marry me. That's just what I'd like to be.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Aye, Aye.

An oculist ought to be a happy man. Are not all his days eye-deal ones?—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ARMY MASK HAS NEW FEATURES

Makes It Possible for Officers to Give Orders in Battle Without Removal.

Washington.—The chemical warfare service of the army has developed a new gas mask so constructed as to enable the wearer to "carry on conversation while using it and thus making it possible for officers to give orders in battle without removing it. Such a mask will be of vital importance in troop operations, and the invention of the speaking device in this new type of mask is regarded by army experts as the greatest improvement in gas masks since the close of the World war. They regard it as the most nearly perfect device of its kind in the world.

Wearer Can Talk.

The new mask has a sort of diaphragm attachment somewhat similar in appearance to that used on phonographs. By means of it the wearer of the mask can carry on conversation with about 80 per cent of the efficiency of the average speaking voice. American experts had been trying to achieve the same result through a telephone attachment, but with the development of the diaphragm idea the attempt to arrange the mask so as to provide for telephone conversation has been abandoned. The diaphragm attachment is less cumbersome, not complex, and experiments conducted by the army have demonstrated that the human voice is reproduced efficiently through use of the new attachment.

The perfection of the new mask has reached the point where orders have been given for its production on a considerable scale at the Edgewood arsenal. The new mask embodies a number of other recent developments. It contains a new canister which, through the addition of new chemicals, not only protects the wearer against the ordinary gases used in chemical warfare but also against ammonia fumes and the deadly carbon monoxide. It is expected that this improvement will make the new mask invaluable to firemen in great cities, as well as to mine workers and those who are employed in the fumigation of vessels.

Other New Features.

There are also features embraced in the construction of the new "all-purpose" canister that lessen air resistance and reduce the distress of breathing to practically a negligible quantity. This improvement includes elimination of the nose and mouth pieces and has resulted in considerable reduction in the amount of charcoal used in the mask. The new mask likewise contains a device for passing dry air from the chemicals over the eyeglasses of the mask. This prevents collection of moisture and considerably improves the vision. A special arrangement also enables the chemical containing case to be carried under the arm instead of on the chest, as in other types of masks, and thus provides greater freedom in body movement of the wearer.

Experiments are also being conducted with chemicals that render cloth impervious to burning gases, but which will at the same time permit moisture from the human body to escape.

Whale Wrecks Big Fish-Pond When Caught

Vineyard Haven.—The fish pond of Allen and Ernest Flanders of Chilmark in Vineyard sound is a strong one, but it wasn't made for the purpose of impounding so big a sea going monster as a whale.

When the Flanders brothers went out to their traps they discovered that one of the animals of the kind that swallowed Jonah had practically wrecked their pond.

The lashing around of the mammoth broke off several stakes, tore the netting so badly that it will take several days for repairs, and in addition released probably hundreds of pounds of fish from the pond.

The whale escaped and the brothers came in shore to tell the story and exhibit the torn netting as evidence that the big fellow had wrought the damage. The whale entered the traps through the opening which is eight feet wide.

Find Spectacles More Than 125 Years Old

Piqua, O.—Three pairs of spectacles, over 125 years old, have been discovered in the home of Mrs. O. R. Mullendore. They were the property of her great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Jane Brown Patterson, who came with her husband, Robert Patterson, from Ireland to Piqua in 1818, where the two settled on a farm.

Two pairs of the eyeglasses are of German silver, while the third is of brass. Unlike most modern glasses, they serve only to magnify the object upon which they are focused.

Mrs. Mullendore still is occupying the farm upon which the Pattersons settled in 1818. It was purchased from the government.

Jimmie In Danger.

"Mother, come quick," called Mary when a boy was playing roughly with her chim. "They are playing so hard with Jimmie, they will hurt him and he will get all damaged."

Founded United States Navy.

An act was passed by congress authorizing the building of six warships in the year 1791. This was the founding of the United States navy.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

"My hand," said Napoleon, "is immediately connected with my head," but the sacred courage is connected with the heart.—Emerson.

EARTH'S SURFACE ADRIFT, BELIEF OF SCIENTISTS

Theories of German Savant Arouse New Controversy.

London.—An interesting controversy has been excited in British scientific circles by the remarkable theories of Prof. Alfred Wegener, a German, who declares that the earth's continents are drifting westward. His thesis is that the earth's continents are of higher material, and float like icebergs on a heavier plastic material, which reaches its highest level at the bottom of the oceans.

This startling theory has been strongly criticized by P. Lake of the Royal Geographical society. By means of maps he showed the way in which Wegener has reconstructed the land surface of the globe. According to this reconstruction North America was once in physical contact with Europe; India fitted in between Africa and Australia; and South America was brought into contact with Africa. Since then the continents have drifted away from one another into their present position.

Among a number of carefully reasoned criticisms, Mr. Lake pointed out that in order to meet his theory Wegener had flattened out the Himalayas in order to lengthen the peninsula of India, but he had not flattened out others of the world's mountains in a similar way. He also declared that the argument based on alleged correspondence in geological formation in the various continents would not hold good, because Wegener's geological facts were not accurate.

As an offset to Mr. Lake's views, a number of other British observers seen inclined to support Wegener's revolutionary theory.

Prof. J. Jolly of Trinity college, Dublin, writing in the current issue of Nature, thinks that Wegener is in error in working out the theory on the basis of a westerly drift of the continents. The theory, he says, grows in probability if an easterly drift is indicated.

Breaks Precedent in Admitting Welsh Girl



Phyllis Curtis, a pretty, modest and gentle little Welsh girl, who has just been admitted to the United States after the immigration board at Ellis Island broke a precedent. Brought before the board, Miss Curtis admitted that she came to the United States solely to be near her sweetheart who lived in Nantuxoke, Pa. She also admitted that she was too young to get married just now and that she was to live with her beau's folks. When girls come to the United States and are too young to marry they are usually held as "likely to become public charges," excluded and sent back to their mothers. However, Miss Curtis proved so sweet that the inspectors just couldn't help but admit her.

Oldest Bell on Record Used in Italian Church

The oldest known bell still in use in the parish church of St. Mary Loreto, at Villaggio, in the Abruzzi mountains, and bears the inscription "Are Maria" followed by "Anno Domini 600." Considering that bells were invented, according to church authorities, by Pope Rabulfus, who died in 600, no older bell is recorded.

Fox Fur High in Leipzig.

Leipzig.—The fur auction here, which has closed after three weeks was attended by many American buyers. These paid high prices for fox furs, which were even higher than the usual figure for this class of pelts.

Gang Had Been There, Police Dancers Found

The police of Rochester, N. Y., wound up their annual dance with the band playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

When the merry-makers retired to the cloak rooms, they found the gang had gone, and with it the choicest fun, overcoats, and other wraps that the members could lay their hands on.

The loot is expected to run in to four figures.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post-Office
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WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near station.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

HOW

PHOTOGRAPHERS IN WILDS GET THEIR "SUBJECTS."

The clever achievements of African photography in "Hunting Big Game in Africa" are appreciated by everybody. But only those versed in the subject are aware of the extraordinary difficulties that were successfully overcome. Sidney Snow, the cinematographer, states:

"The fact that most animals are nocturnal in their habits makes it a tough job to get the daytime pictures. Lions, leopards and other jungles of prey must be tracked to their midday resting places, routed out by the native safari's cries and brush bunting; then the cameraman must take the chance of keeping up with the pursuit and of filming the animal often almost indistinguishable in the tawny grass. Our picture of the lioness and her cubs shows it can be done, but it's tough, dangerous work."

"We also located and founded up with the flivver the plains creatures that graze in large herds for protection like the gazelles, the blaze-bucks and the gazelles. I carried a camera equipped with a variety of lenses and mounted with a revolving turret. This I took with me in the car, and chased the herds hour after hour. Eventually they would tire and let us get near. But the gazelles, with their long periscope necks enabling them to sight us over the tops of trees, eluded the camera for three months! Eventually, as no shot was fired, they lost their wariness—and their tired legs refused to carry them further."

"With the animals that appear only infrequently at evening to drink at the water-holes, another procedure was necessary. We would be hidden in a well-made blind, motionless for hours and days, suffering much from heat and insects, whilst waiting a chance to get some of those realistic closeups. Often the oncoming darkness would foil our efforts. Sometimes we would have to keep the animals from approaching the water for several nights running, in order to make them so thirsty that they would come in the early morning when pictures could be made."

"Another thing: successful hunting requires keeping to the leeward of the quarry. A shifting wind gives the animal your scent, and he is down upon you! On several critical occasions I escaped by quick side jump whilst had plugged the charging brute. Both in the rhino and the elephant hunts, the native boys had long since taken to the tops of the trees. Without any egotism I think I may say that only a person fully conversant with wild nature is fitted to go into the jungle after pictures; we had a number of professional cinema men with us at the start, but they couldn't stand the gauntlet."

ADDS TO COUNTRY'S BEAUTY

How Extension Work of Horticultural Specialist Has Had Good Results in Many States.

Improvements in the appearance of the grounds and surroundings of farms in the southern states is receiving increased attention as a result of extension work in those states by a horticultural specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, according to reports received by the department. For example, as a result of such work 6,625 fences were repaired in 1921 and 4,438 in 1922; 3,434 unsightly buildings were repaired or removed in 1921 and 8,523 in 1922. The number planting trees and shrubs rose from 8,308 to 23,319; of those planting flowers and vines from 42,306 two years ago to 43,437 in 1922; of lawns seeded, from about 1,000 to 2,600. More than 45,000 planted shade trees and shrubs last year.

In some of the states, particularly in North Carolina and Mississippi, the improvements in farmsteads are very marked. Girls' and women's clubs have been active in stimulating interest in making the home surroundings more pleasing, and the beneficial effect upon communities generally has been very marked.

Where \$50,000,000 May Be Saved. If the waste paper now burned were collected and reworked, 300,000 acres of forest land could be saved and the forest would be worth \$50,000,000 a year in the paper mills.—Indiana News.

CORN BORER IS SERIOUS MENACE

Up to Present Time Insect Has Not Done Much Damage.

Steady Movement of Pest to West Indicates That It Is About to Invade Area of Most Intensive Corn Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To date the European corn borer, first found in the United States in 1917, has done little damage to the corn crop except in a few sections where this grain is not of major importance, but it has occupied territory that makes it a constant menace to the great corn-growing region and its steady movement westward indicates that the insect is about to invade the area of most intensive corn production. In anticipation of the need of corn growers for detailed descriptions and information on this pest, the United States Department of Agriculture has just issued Farmers' Bulletin 1294, "The European Corn Borer and Its Control," by D. J. Caffrey and L. H. Worthing. The bulletin is intended to supply practical information to corn growers, corn canners, dealers in green vegetables, and market and home gardeners.

When first found in this country the European corn borer occupied an area of about 100 square miles in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., and in the past five years it has spread over a total area of nearly 7,700 square miles. It is found in eastern Massachusetts, southeastern New Hampshire, eastern New York, and in a narrow belt along Lake Erie in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. There is an extensive infested area in Ontario, and it may be that fields on the American side of the lake were first infested by insects originating in Canadian fields. The insect is thought to have been brought into New England in 1900 or 1910 in broom corn imported from Hungary and Italy.

Insect Attacks Other Crops. Although in this country corn seems to be its favorite food, the insect also attacks other field crops, vegetables, flowers, large-stemmed grasses, and weeds. It will use any kind of corn as a host, but seems to prefer sweet and flint, with dent corn next in favor, and corn in general is preferred to any other plant grown in this country. Among the garden vegetables, celery, beets and rhubarb are affected to the greatest extent.

The damage to corn is done by the larvae, or borers, chiefly in the ears and stalks, but they also tunnel within the tassel, the midrib of the leaf, the brace roots, and the stubble. In addition, the young larvae often feed on the surface of the plant to a slight extent, particularly upon the leaf blades, the tassel buds, the husks and silks, and between the leaf sheath and the stalk. The injury to plants other than corn is of the same general character as that of corn, except that in some instances special parts of the plants appear to be preferred as food or shelter.

One reason why corn growers and others are urged to study the habits and appearance of the European corn borer is that there are several insects that may be mistaken for this pest. Among them are the corn earworm, the stalk-borer, the smartweed borer, the celery stalkworm, the lined stalk-borer, and the larger corn stalk-borer. All of these pests are described in the bulletin, also the appearance of the plants that have been attacked.

The most conspicuous sign of infestation in a field of growing corn is the breaking over of tassels stalks caused by the boring of the larvae. In some fields as high as 80 per cent of broken tassels have been counted.

Some Measures of Control.

The department has established quarantines covering the known infested areas and violations of the regulations bring on severe penalties. These regulations are discussed in the bulletin. It also gives control measures that are effective in the different localities, the methods varying a good deal because of the different nature of the agriculture in the various regions. In a general way the principal control measures are as follows: Burn, or otherwise destroy, before May 1 of each year all cornstalks, corn stubble, vegetable field, and flower crop remnants, weeds, and large-stemmed grasses of the previous year. Remove all remnants of leaves from rhubarb stems before marketing. Cut corn close to the ground. Cut and remove sweet-corn fodder from the field as soon as the ears are harvested. Feed direct to the live stock, place in the silo, or destroy by burning. Cut and remove field corn from the field as soon as ears are mature. Feed the stalks to live stock as soon as possible and burn or otherwise dispose of the uneaten parts before May 1 following. Shred or cut the fodder to increase its consumption. Plow under thoroughly in the fall all infested cornstalks, corn stubble, other crop remnants, weeds and similar material in which it is impractical to destroy in any other manner. When necessary to adopt this practice, an attempt should be made to plow under all of the material to a depth of at least six inches. Small areas of trap crops may be planted. Other procedures are described in the bulletin. Copies of the bulletin may be obtained without cost from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Use of "X" as Signature.

The use of the X as signature of persons unable to write began when kings and nobles used it, whether able to write or not, as a symbol that they pledged themselves by the Christian faith to the truth of the matter in which they affixed it.

CONCRETE FAILURES DUE TO WATER LACK

Selling of Cement Is Not Understood by Many People.

Many Failures Due to Extreme Evaporating Powers of Hot Sun and Dry Air—Essential That Material Be Cured.

Some years ago considerable attention was attracted by a toy which provided means by which a boy could make his own building blocks out of Portland cement mortar, but for some reason many of these blocks were not a success. The reason was finally discovered. "We put the blocks on the radiator to dry and as soon as they were dry they crumbled all up."

"This serves to illustrate how far most people fall to realize the definite distinction between the hardening of lime mortar and the setting of Portland cement. The first is accomplished by dehydration or drying out. The second takes place through a crystallization, requiring the presence of water until the process is complete."

The failure to understand this distinction has been responsible for many concrete failures. Sometimes the fault is not the result of ignorance of the action of cement but of failure to appreciate the extreme evaporating powers of hot sun and dry air. Concrete work in desert areas has given considerable trouble from this cause. The water evaporates before the concrete is thoroughly cured, with the result that much of it disintegrates, while other portions are of extremely low strength. It is of no small interest in this connection to note that it has been found by experiment that the application of water to the concrete, which is weak because of this cause, may be measurably strengthened by a subsequent period of thorough saturation, even though several years have elapsed since the concrete was poured. But this example is an extreme one. The same faults have occurred to a minor degree in humid climates. Concrete must be protected against evaporation of the water of crystallization until the process of curing is thoroughly completed.

WEATHER EFFECTS ON CROPS

Studies Conducted by Department of Agriculture to Determine Influence of Yields.

Definite relations exist between weather conditions and the yields of various important crops. Studies have been conducted by the weather bureau, United States Department of Agriculture, to determine the influence of the weather on the yield of potatoes, corn, oats and cotton. The effort has been to show the kind of weather that has the greatest influence in varying yield of a crop, as well as the most critical period of growth. There is a possibility, many believe, that the yield of several important crops may be predicted considerably before harvesting time from a knowledge of antecedent weather conditions. The weather must be taken into account up to about the harvest date for oats, but the probable yield for corn can be determined by the end of July and of cotton at the end of June in the eastern part of the belt.

TIMBER GROWING DRAWBACK

One of the Greatest Handicaps Is Detrimental Effect of Property Tax Levied on Land.

One of the greatest drawbacks upon timber growing in the United States is the deterrent effect of the property tax levied after the land has been cleared and bearing young trees, says the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. What is needed is a system of taxing growing forests under which the principal burden will fall at the time of harvesting the matured crop but which is so adjusted as to be equitable to other classes of taxpayers and to meet the needs for public revenue.

CRUDE OIL TO DESTROY RATS

Destructive Little Rodents Will Leave Vicinity If Petroleum Is Placed in Runs.

There is a remedy for the rat nuisance—one that is cheap and effective. If crude oil (petroleum) is placed in the runs, the rats will leave the vicinity. If they are caught in their runs, so that they have to breathe the fumes for an hour or more, they will be poisoned. Meat that contains petroleum can be used as bait to catch this offensive rodent. Experiments proved that rats which ate meat treated with crude oil died in 15 minutes.

KEEP BARLEY FREE OF OATS

Unusual Sight to See Clean Field and Condition Is Getting Serious for Growers.

One who travels in the summertime and observes the fields of small grain cannot help seeing and being impressed by the large proportion of barley fields which contain a liberal sprinkling of oats. Indeed, it is rare to see a good clean field of barley, free from oats. This condition is getting to be a serious one with our seed growers, for customers want pure seed, and we cannot afford to disappoint them even once.

"June Berry."

The Amelanchier, a genus of plants of the family Rosaceae, is commonly known as the June berry. There are about 15 species, which occur in America and in the different localities and are known as service or sarvas berry, June berry, shad bush, May cherry, and sand cherry.

NEW CAPES ARE OF HIP-LENGTH

Garment Attached to Shoulders of Frock; Same Material as of the Gown.

There seems to be no end to the pretty and distinguished touches which Paris elects to give to her clothes this spring, observes a Paris fashion writer in the New York Times.

Now each designer has something essential to say, and each one is sending forth an original idea of some sort or other. Take, for instance, the dress where the plaited section appears at one side. That dress has the most subtle meaning behind its simple exterior. The chiffon plait which appears at the side is only a



Bustle Drape of the Spring Season, Including a Lace Ruffle at the Hem.

peeping out of a whole dress of plaited chiffon that lies under the over-dress of tulle cloth. You can see how perfectly plain the top part is and how simple of construction its design. Well, it merely fits over the chiffon dress as a sort of extra covering for the days that are cool and the occasions that demand that sort of formality, in dress. On the other hand, when the warmer and more sultry days put in an appearance and you must appear upon the street in something that is plain, but still cool enough to allow you to move about, you can wear the chiffon frock with its underdress of silk and without any woolen covering.

Of all the utility dresses that have ever been created, this one by a French designer is decidedly the smartest and best. It is something which, in its original state and with many adaptations, will adapt itself to the needs of the American woman, so that she will find in it a real addition to her wardrobe. It will be an added boon for the set of costumes bought with a limited income.

All White Silk Crepe.

Another gown in this handsome collection is a dinner creation in all white silk crepe. It is embroidered with a mixture of brilliant and silver bugles which extend over its entire surface, except at the front of the skirt where the fullness is bunched into thick folds turned toward the center, the skirt being raised at the waistline in front to introduce the smart up-front movement. This drape is of distinctly Egyptian origin, and the girde of rose-colored moire is crossed at intervals by bands of brilliants.

Black and white, this season, is a favorite combination, and Worth shows a dress of figured black and white foulard combined with plain black silk crepe. These figured crepes are also used by this designer to trim some of the smartest of blue tulle and serge frocks. Finely plaited deep cape collars of the printed silk, and a touch of the same silk at the sleeves and vestee appear on this type of frock.

The more pretentious gowns or capes, especially those developed in black or dark blue silk marocain, are trimmed with printed crepes in cashmere colorings, while rich embroideries in silk or bead work are likewise carried out in cashmere bordered designs.

Quite charming is a Worth creation carried out in tortoise-colored moire. This frock is straight and slender though it is belted at a low waistline. The skirt is cut in the new three-tier apron effect, the lines of which round up to the waistline at the left side, where a smart buckle is added.

A black silk crepe frock drew admiring comments. It is sleeveless and is slashed down the entire sides from arm to hem, revealing a drop of vivid green crepe. Extending the length of the gown at each side of the front and back and over the shoulders is a six-inch band of gold lame embroidered in green. It is a simple but distinctive frock. With it is worn a cape of black crepe, a half-length model, also trimmed with green.

Capes in the Limelight.

Capes, in fact, are exceedingly prevalent. Most youthful of all are the hip-length models, attached to the shoulders of the frock, being fashioned from the same material that goes to make the gowns. They en-

hance the wearer's air of vivacious, expectant youth, hurrying with enthusiasm to meet whatever the day may bring forth. Worth supplements several of the more simple gowns with these charming half-length capes.

More pretentious are the three-quarter length or draped capes of crepe also matching the gown and likewise attached at the shoulders. Very graceful, too, are capes of fuller lines edged with two even more circular flounces curving upward at the front.

Separate coats are of two types, namely, those designed for sports wear, developed in huge, checked, worsteds, or plaid, highly colored, thick materials, and cut upon full-flaring, raglan lines. There are still others made for essentially more formal occasions, which are chiefly characterized by the wealth of all-over embroideries which decorate the entire surfaces of them or at least portions of them.

These new embroideries very often resemble braiding. In fact, some of the coats are really braided and then lined by hand, the color merging from, say, a dark tortoise or reindeer shade, through all of the autumn shades. Then there are many of neutral beige used for the upper part of the garment with the lower section left plain and in, perhaps, a darker tone. This latter trick is employed in many of the Brandt creations.

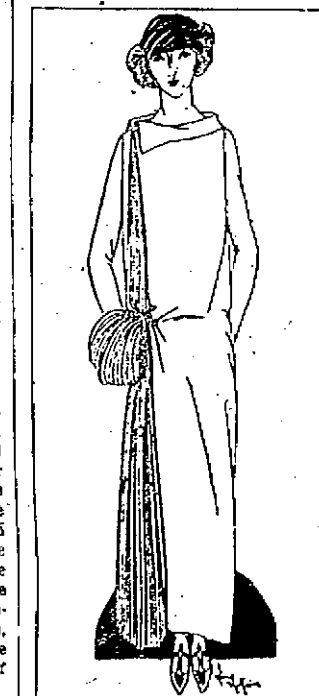
Tailored suits were never more attractive nor smart than they are this season in Paris. In fact, there seems to have been a distinct reaction in that direction. Interest in the tailleur in America is destined to undergo a marked revival in the near future if the tendencies of the Parisian designers are to be taken with anything like the seriousness that we have shown them in the past.

New Bustle Types Shown.

Rolande has bustle types that are most interesting in the way they are draped. They are not the old-fashioned extremely draped bustles, but the bows and the puffs that appear at the sides and the backs of many of the evening gowns certainly do look as though we were coming into an era of at least a partial revival of the bustle interests. We have done the bow at the front, at the side front, and it is only natural that it should be wending its way around to the side back and the center back in order to complete the circumference of the movement.

Black with touches of extremely bright color is one of Rolande's predictions. Many of his models have been developed in supple moire, alpaca and in plain and printed crepes. The stiffer silks are having a vogue that has long been denied them, and the French designers are doing everything in their power to bring them back into prominence again.

Bernard announces the fact that suit skirts will be shorter than they have been in the past, and in the making of all his models of this charac-



Frock of Dark Blue Plaited Chiffon Covered by Another of Kasha Cloth.

ter he carries out this standard. He has many paletots or short coats done over varying models and worn with either plain or plaited skirts.

Jenny emphasizes the gown with a supplementary jacket to match. "We must still call it a suit for we lack a new name by which to distinguish it from its more tailored sister. The suit jackets of this collection range from short full-cut boleros to straight-line hip-length or finger-tip-length coats. Some of them are bloused and others are of straight, tubular lines, clinging to the figure snugly at the hips.

Suit styles are so varied at Jenny's that they include the regulation Jenny tailleur with a flat back and a slight flare at the sides of the peplum. Extreme models among them have jackets of knee length, a strikingly circular movement being apparent below the hipline.

The Poor Rich Bachelor.

"The woman isn't born who can be platonic with a rich bachelor, especially if she happens to be a poor spinster herself."—"Anybody's Husband," by Mrs. Horace Tremlitt.

Lessons Learned From Indians.

The modern chocolate manufacturer simply repeats on a large scale the various steps in curing, roasting, crushing and rolling as they were first learned from the Indians.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHY Game Birds Should Be Planted in Suitable Covers.

Planting game birds means liberating them in suitable covers where they may remain and increase their kind. In states buying state game farms thousands of pheasants are sent out each year to sportsmen for liberation. Many sportsmen's organizations purchase these birds to improve shooting conditions in their vicinity. Red white quail are imported by the thousands from Mexico, while the Hungarian partridges are brought from Europe, all with the intent of furnishing more game for the sportsmen.

Few realize the necessity of liberating such birds properly, remarks a New York Evening Post writer. We were greatly surprised only recently to hear a man who had been liberating a great number of birds remark that he enjoyed doing this kind of work because he liked to see the birds fly.

What sportsman does not like to see a game bird fly? We all do, but when liberating birds with the view of restocking depleted covers we would feel that our efforts had almost been wasted should we see any of the liberated birds fly immediately after they were released.

When birds are received in a crate and it is the intent to liberate them all at one place, the problem of keeping them from flying is a very simple one. The crate should be placed at the edge of a suitable cover for the birds and a quantity of grain scattered nearby. Darken your crate by covering it with canvas or burlap; excepting one corner, where, by opening the sliding door, sufficient space should be left for the birds to walk out. Having done this, go away and leave them and do not return to get the crate until there is no chance of frightening the birds.

This method permits the birds to walk out cautiously and look over their new home at leisure. They stay banded together for the time being and return for several days to the place where liberated to secure the food that has been placed there for them.

WERE NAMED FOR STATESMAN

Why the Sandwich Islands Were So Called Explained in Narrative of Captain Cook.

Capt. James Cook, who christened the Hawaiian group of islands the "Sandwich Islands," in 1778, gave them that name as a compliment to John Montagu, fourth earl of Sandwich, an English statesman, traveler and author, who at the time of Cook's most celebrated voyage was first lord of the admiralty, the United States equivalent for secretary of the navy. The reason for this compliment is doubtless to be found in the following extract from Cook's narrative:

"While we lay in Long Reach, the earl of Sandwich, Sir Hugh Pallister and others of the board of admiralty, as the last mark of the very great attention they had all along shown to this equipment, paid us a visit on the 8th of June, to examine whether everything had been completed conformably to their intentions and orders, and to the satisfaction of all who were to embark on the voyage. They, and several other noblemen and gentlemen, their friends, honored me with their company at dinner on that day; and on their coming on board, and also on their going ashore, we saluted them with seventeen guns, and three cheers."

How Japan Is Progressing.

The government of Japan has framed a scheme for the construction of new railway lines with a view to improving the transportation system throughout the country. The plan includes the construction of 23 new lines with a total length of 842 miles, the lines traversing 31 prefectures. The cost of construction is estimated at \$10,000,000 yen. The program is spread over 11 years, the work being expected to commence by the next fiscal year. This scheme will be submitted to the railway council, which will be convinced shortly, and afterward will be introduced in the imperial diet. If the plan is approved, the construction of 12 lines will be started in the course of the next fiscal year, to be followed by 10 other lines the following year.

How Mocking Bird Flights.

It is not only as a singer that the mocking bird of the South wins the admiration of his human friends. He's plucky, and just as ready for a fight in defense of his nest as for a song. He and his mate will attack a chicken hawk in flight, a dangerous procedure for any bird.

On one occasion a great buzzard was seen sitting on a large limb within a few feet of a mocking bird nest. He was attacked first by the hen bird, which left her nest to scold and shout imprecations at the unwelcome guest. Her mate soon heard the rumpus and joined the fray. They never paused a moment in their efforts until even the sluggish vulture was forced to flap slowly away through the trees, defeated.

No Great Chinese Journalist.

China has nowhere in its history produced an outstanding journalist, a man who has dominated the field and left the imprint of his personality as have Greeley, Dana, Bennett, Pulitzer, Nelson and Waterman in the United States. The profession, as a natural consequence of the rigidity of its activities, has no traditions, and has only a weakness for politics and for political intrigue.

Some Curious Beliefs.

In the south of England it is believed even now that the eating of herring's brains gives one beauty. The monks of the Tenth century had an idea that the ashes of burnt flies were good for the complexion.

